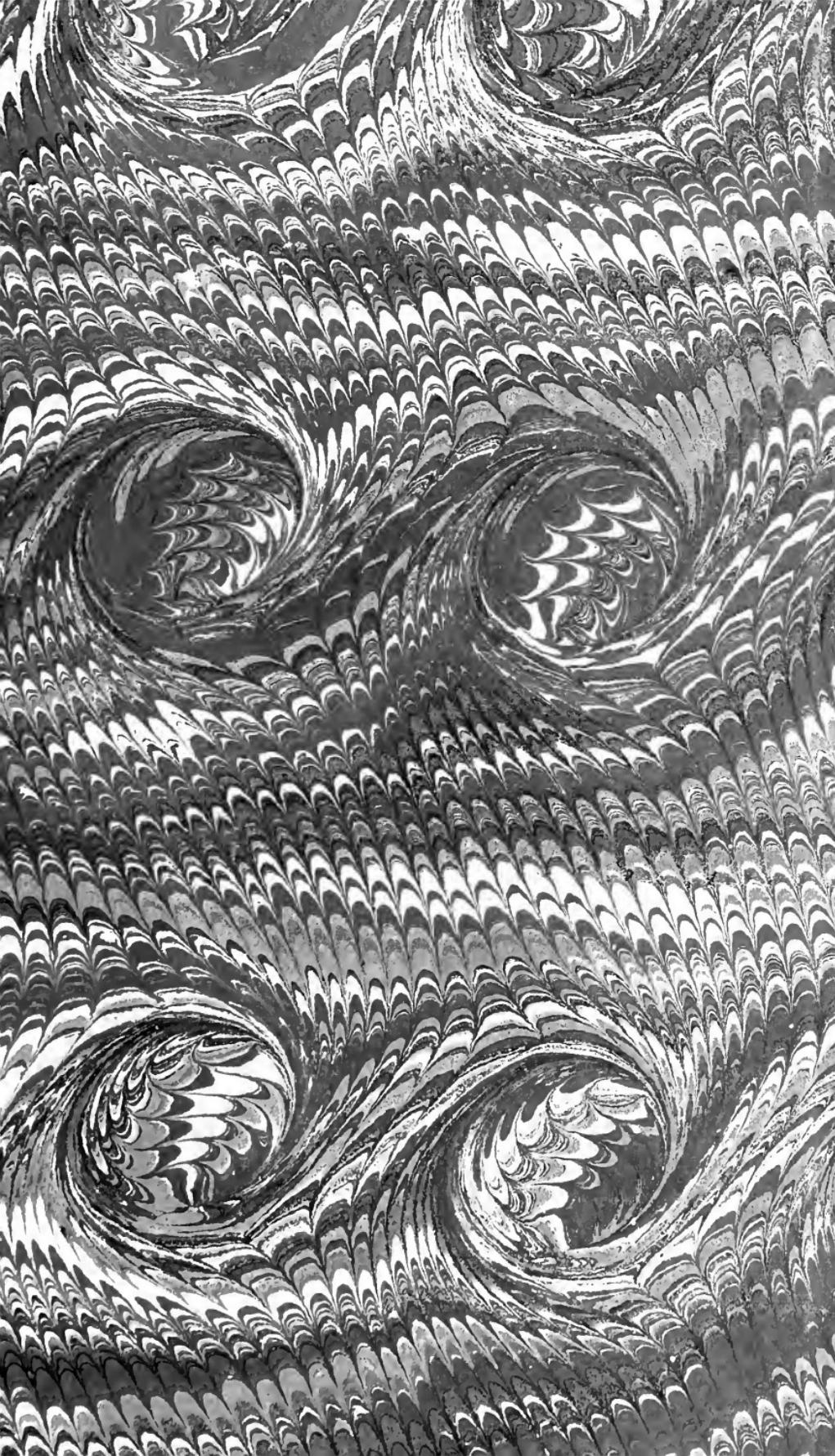




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VOICES
THROUGH MANY YEARS.

M.DCCC.XXXVII.

TO

M.DCCC.LXXIX.

VOICES THROUGH MANY YEARS.

BY

GEORGE JAMES

EARL OF WINCHILSEA AND NOTTINGHAM
(VISCOUNT MAIDSTONE).

VOL. III.

'Nonumque prematur in annum,
Membranis intus positis.'

HORACE, *Ars Poetica*, line 388-9.

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M.DCCC.LXXIX.

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E R R A T A.

VOL. I.

- Page 6, line 15, for feign read fain.
,, 36, „ 6, for gains read gain's.
,, 44, „ 2, (note,) for masque read mask.
,, 62, „ 2, for after journey read after your journey.
,, 82, „ 4, for a heap read a-heap.
,, 94, „ 15, for yon read you.
,, 105, „ 15, for wayside read waysides.
,, 106, „ 13, for willingly read wilingly.
,, 167, „ 7, for population read population.
,, 188, „ 8, for out read our.

VOL. II.

- „ 146, „ 9, for come read came.
„ 150, „ 9, (note,) for Sersons read Sersous.
„ 154, „ 16, for the read thy.
„ 154, „ 28, for the read thy.

VOL. III.

- „ 12, „ 3, for at Congress read at the Congress.
„ 15, „ 23, for Ya read Ja.
„ 139, „ 12, (note,) for remonleur read remouleur.
„ 189, „ 20, for age read age?

Page 10. l. 25. for
'borne' read 'born'.
Page 41. between
'may' and 'be' in-
sert 'not'.

Page 115. Delete
'as every body I':
insert IF I: between
'for' and 'were'.

VOL. IV.

Page 26. l. 14. for
'of' read 'a'

Page 140. l. 4.
Insert 'him' between
'deem'd' and a.

Page 199. After
line 24 a break,
and the word
'Damon!'

Page 55. II. for
'mask' read 'mask'.

Page 84. II. for 'England' read 'Ireland'.

Page 28 ~ 1. 4. for 'Cremorn' read
'Cremorne'.

Corrected Winchelsea and
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April 9.

1881.

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VOICES
THROUGH MANY YEARS.

ANTI-CORN-LAW LYRICS.

THE

Old Gentleman and the Liverpool Leaguer.

ADAPTED FROM THE KNIFE-GRINDER OF THE
 'ANTI-JACOBIN.'

'MORNING POST,' FEB^{RY}. 1, 1849.

OLD GENTLEMAN.

LIVERPOOL Leaguer, what is all this 'rumpus ?'
 Why gobbles Gladstone noisy and financial ?
 How's a' this 'De'il's dust' got among the Quaker
 Calico printers ?

LEAGUER.

Bless you, our army's large enough to swamp us ;
 Colonels of all the Regiments turned tailors !
 Nobody's doing anything he's paid for,
 But Richard Cobden.

OLD GENTLEMAN.

Dang it, how sad to think the British Army's
 Turned out a pack of peculating scoundrels !—
 But if you please, Sir, may I make so bold as
 Ask you to prove it ?

LEAGUER.

Prove it ? Of course, Sir ! nothing can be simpler.
 Shoals of young Lordlings quarter'd on the Country ;
 Privileged idlers with their hob-nail shoes on ;—
 Class Legislation !

OLD GENTLEMAN.

Save us, how frightful ! Well, who would have thought it ?
 Here have I lived now, (man and boy) in England
 Sixty-eight summers come the fifth of August,
 And never dream'd it.

LEAGUER.

What's more, the Navy's twice as big as need be !
 And the Queen's Household costs as much as twenty
 Free and enlighten'd 'Merican Republics'
 Can be turn'd out for.

OLD GENTLEMAN (*musing*).

What ! then our Navy's chang'd a bit since Nelson ?
 Well I remember 'T. P. Cooke' as 'William'
 Dancing a horn-pipe, us'd to get a dozen
 Rounds at the fewest.

LEAGUER.

Ignorant times those !—Tory-ridden England !
 Reason and Free-Trade had not then appear'd, and
 Tea-parties given moral force to Cobden's
 Peace arbitration.

OLD GENTLEMAN (*murmuring*).

LEAGUER (*with indecent energy*).

Clout ! and be hang'd to't. Philistine in small clothes !
Call you the Saviours of your Country tinkers ?
Wretch whom no taxes tickle as they ought to,
Grovelling elder !

OLD GENTLEMAN.

[*Exeunt both parties in a huff.*

'Gladstone.' Cousin to the Right Hon^{ble}. William Ewart Gladstone, and Chairman of the Liverpool Anti-corn-law League.

Free Trade.

(CONTRIBUTED BY THE LEAGUE LAUREATE.)

'MORNING POST,' FEB^{RY.} 10, 1849.

I WAS a little foundling child,
And 'Cobden' said to me,—
'Thy limbs are spare, thine eyes are wild!
Come, and I'll nourish thee!'

He deck'd me out in gew-gaws rare,
And florid cotton gown,
And bade me take especial care
That none should do me brown.

Free Trade, which was first introduc'd to Public notice by the Right Hon^{ble} Charles Villiers, who labour'd through the toil and heat of it—was subsequently taken up by Richard Cobden, who soon took John Bright as his partner. On the sudden, they made a Convert of the Right Hon^{ble} Sir Robert Peel, then Prime Minister, who carried the measure by the aid of a majority which had been entrusted to him by the Country Party for the express purpose of keeping that which he abolish'd—viz. a protective duty on Corn. 'Inde iræ.' Right or wrong the Conservative party split to pieces on this rock; and the Minister who deceiv'd them was never forgiven; neither were those young Statesmen who follow'd him. Cobden now, was presented by his admirers with a sum of seventy thousand pounds, to preserve his independence as some said, and make good to him his losses in the cause.

At last I pleas'd an elder staid,
Of Tamworth town was he,
He press'd his suit, and smil'd, and pray'd,
And so he married me.

Our Honey-moon was not gone by
When 'Cobden' sends a hint ;—
'Remember in prosperity
Thy gown of Cotton Print !'

I rais'd him 'seventy thousand pounds,'
I' the 'Three Per Cents' they be.
And 'Cobden' has the best of grounds
To love my Lord and me.

Take courage then ye kindly souls
Who follow good by stealth ;
For luck and 'Cobden' play'd at bowls,
And 'Cobden' hit on wealth.

Cross-Purposes.

FEB^{RY.} 17, 1849.

A sentimental and exalted Leaguer meets with an old woman and seeks to pump her. (Both are at cross-purposes.)

LEAGUER.

'CHEERFUL old Grand-Dame chirruping to market !
Tell me ;—thou wisest Sibyl of the Ancients,
What are thy thoughts on ‘quiet arbitration ?’
How will it answer ?'

OLD LADY.

'First, I ain’t cheerful !—sin yer oily Free-Trade’s
Brought my old man’s wheat ‘thutty shillen ’ lower !
All the World changing every blessed instant,—
Drat it, how can I ?'

LEAGUER (*enthusiastically*).

'Will coming ages love us as they ought ? and
Baby unborn now thank us as he toddles ?
Shall we take rank as Patriots, oh most re-
spectable female ?'

OLD LADY.

' As for our wool too, what with that Australy,
 And the smallpox just come among us lately
 From foreigneering scabby sheep, a pound on't 's
 Hardly worth sixpence.'

LEAGUER (*visionarily*).

' Shall the poor Soldier radically righted
 Venture no more his life for eightpence sterling ?
 Will the nine-pounder finish in a brazen
 Statue of Cobden ? '

OLD LADY.

' Dang a' them Peelites ! ninny-hammer noodles,
 Led by their noses whither ' Uncle ' pleases ;
 Staggering beef from everywheres a'most now
 Steams up to Smithfield.'

LEAGUER (*problematically*).

' Will the stern Napier, military Moses,
 Ci-devant schneider, regimental artist,
 Sheathing his sword and flashing forth his scissors,
 Stulzify small-clothes ? '

OLD LADY.

' Dash my old lappets ! who'd ha' thought o' seeing
 John Bull for roast beef go to ' Johnny Crapaud ? '
 Well !—I don't wonder, now a days, a rump-steak's
 Hard as a grindstone ! '

LEAGUER (*delicately*).

' Excellent elder ! reputable Lady !
 Somehow it strikes thy very humble servant,
 Up to this moment thou hast not replied to
 One of his questions.'

OLD LADY.

' What's the boy grumbling ? reputable Ladies !
 Excellent elders ! I'd ha' you to know, Sir !
 Impudence won't go down wi' Nanny Watkins ;
 Lay your account on't.'

LEAGUER (*retreating*).

' Impudence ? Lord, Ma'am ! nothing of the sort, Ma'am !
 Genuine feelings, thirst for information !
 Reason and Free Trade.—' [Old Lady looks vicious.
 ' What a dreadful old wife !
 Wish I were off !' [Goes !

Exit Leaguer with undignified precipitation. Old Lady proceeds on her way to market muttering,—

' Drat his impudence !'

The World's First Quarrel.

(UNDER THE PEACE-ARBITRATION ACT.)

FEB^{RU}. 1849.

IT chanc'd when the drum its last tattoo had play'd,
And navies had struck to the flag of Free-Trade,
That throughout the wide-world a strange quarrel arose,
Which all men agreed to decide without blows.

The sailor had chang'd to a Cobdenite peace-man,
The soldier had settled into a police-man,
The Colonels were tailors,—the captains of ships
Took fair-weather cockneys on pleasuring trips.

The Tower was turn'd into a store for bread-stuff,
The Horse Guards a lodging-house quite in the rough,
And Portsmouth, then rented by 'Cobden and Co.,'
Was call'd—the grand calico-cratic bureau.

But in spite of the lessons of Liverpool League,
Mankind, as of old, was the sport of intrigue,
And the quarrel stood thus,—'Is the Old World to hold
Any lands in the New? or the New in the Old?'

Uncle Sam sent 'Cain Fixings' to cypher his figures,
A stickler for freedom who dealt in 'fresh Niggers.'
Each State at Congress contriv'd to depute,
Not the wisest, and best, but the most "'tarnal cute.'

The Congress was met in a sweet central spot,
And the Peace-arbitrators were chosen by lot.
The first, Otaheite's salubrious shore,
The latter, an Esquimaux, and a Dutch Boer;

Both famous for judgment in different styles,
The one in Cape waggons, the t'other 'seal oils.'
And should these two worthies by chance disagree,
They swore in a Turk as supreme referee.

The claims of the New World were stated by 'Cain,'
On the grab-all-and-give-nothing principle, plain.
Says he—'You darn'd Critters! an 'Injun' might see
That teetotal humanity's debtor to me.'

'It's borrow'd my notions of smartness in trade,
And alone, in its loans, it ar'n't much overpaid!
So, not to seem greedy of other folks' plunder,
I allot that each World keep what seas put asunder.'

A case for the Old World was stated with speed;
But the 'Boer' and the 'Esquimaux sealer' agreed;
So the Referee Turk was not troubled to wake,
And the Congress to 'Fixings' awarded the stake.

Now has Cobden return'd with a flea in his ear,
For 'Bull' and the rest thought this settlement queer ;
So he bought him ship-timber, and set up again
For a good man-at-arms, and a Lord on the Main.

The Horse-Guards was clear'd of each basin and bed ;
The calico-cratic Society fled !
Cobden's statue resum'd its old form of a gun ;
And 'the World' fell a-fighting, and hasn't yet done !

Cobden's Tour.

HERE was a little 'Cob,'
 Who had done a little job,
 And his little, mushroom consequence to clench, clench, clench,
 He has left the English Nation,
 On a tour of agitation,
 And set about enlightening the French, French, French.

Says he—' Messieurs, je crois
 Que vous feriez mieux, ma foi !'—

(For he spoke French à peu près comme Lord Brougham,) [Brougham, Brougham ;
 'D'abolir le tarif'
 Qui vous pique, cré nom, au vif,
 À ce que moi, Richard Cobden, je prézome,' zoome, zoome.

He'd have talk'd an hour more,
 For they bawl'd,—' Bravo ! encore !'
 But a gentleman from Lyons rose below, low, low ;
 ' Je porte Messieurs un toast,
 To 'the beef you call your roast,'

And the '*porteyre* of your Perkins, and your Co. Co. Co.

'Lord Brougham.' Lord Brougham was well acquainted with the French language, and was moreover a Member of the 'Académie Française ;' but his accent (of which he was not a little proud,) was so abominable that it was utterly impossible for an audience to follow him.

'The *porteyre* of your Perkins.' An interlude of this sort actually happened ; for the French are very proud of the taste and facility with which they speak English.

When this Free-trade feed was o'er,
 They bow'd him to the door,
 And sent him on his way to Milan, Milan, Milan,
 Where he made a little speech
 Which he fully meant should teach
 That the Emperor of Austria was a villain, villain, villain.

But the Austrian police took
 And made a warning crease
 In an ardour-damping page of Pellico, co, co,
 And left it on his table ;—
 So as fast as he was able,
 He gallop'd from the scene of such 'Toco,' co, co.

Then he just look'd in at Rome ;
 Found his Holiness at home !—
 'Twas no use for the Pope to be—'Pio Nono,' Nono, Nono !
 At the 'Vatican' he knock'd
 Double loaded, and full cock'd,—
 'Santo Padre!' 'Io Cobden Richard, sono, sono, sono.'

Away now down the 'Rhine,'
 To the 'Elbe' and 'Zolvorein,'
 And the heavy-stern'd inhabitants of 'Hamburg,' Hamburg,
 Where they listen'd to his 'jaw,' [Hamburg ;
 With a patronising 'Ya ;'
 And thought him nearly equal to 'Van-Amburg,' Amburg, Amburg.

'Pellico.' 'I miei prigionî,' by Silvio Pellico.

He cut 'Novgorod,'
 For the Czar had sworn,—' By G—d
 If I catch this League Apostle hereabout, bout, bout ;
 To Siberia he shall pack !—
 But not before his back
 Has been tickled with the crack of a knout,' knout, knout.

So Richard was compelled
 To fall back upon the Scheld,
 And the 'Schnaps' and Tulip Town of Amsterdam, dam, dam.
 Where he made a brilliant speech ;
 Though the Burgomasters each,
 Thought it smack'd a little strongish of a flam, flam, flam.

'I like your Holland much,
 And reverence the Dutch !
 To open out your trade my finger itches, itches, itches.
 You've many a sturdy end,
 That our clothiers might befriend
 With their cheap patent 'twills' for breeches, breeches, breeches !

So Cobden's just returned,
 With 'Seventy Thousands' earn'd
 By the sweat (as one might say) of his jaw, jaw, jaw ;
 And he's promis'd in the name
 Of his European fame,
 'That there never is to be another war, war, war.'

'*Another war.*' This was a point upon which Cobden was usually very eloquent. He affirmed, with unction, that universal peace would necessarily follow from the adoption of Free-Trade principles. Since this date, however, we have had, The Italian war between France and Austria. The War between

But whatever that may mean,
Let us sing—‘God save the Queen !’
 And specially look out for our eye.
When ‘Leagues’ are ‘sus. per coll.’
With politic ‘Old Noll,’
‘We’ll trust in God, and keep our powder dry.’

Garibaldi and the King of Naples, call’d Bomba. The Crimean war. The American civil war. The Indian Mutiny. The war by Prussia against Denmark. The war by Prussia against Austria. The war between Germany and France. The war by Russia against Turkey. Also a dozen smaller affairs; such as the Cape war, The Abyssinian, and Dahomey wars, The war between the French and Mexico—and now the Affghan difficulty.

The Contrast.

(DEDICATED TO THE PROTECTIONISTS OF ENGLAND.)

I' th' olden Time, days fit for rhyme,
(Too good for us to live in !)
In kindly mode, a Patriot show'd
Benevolence by giving.

But Times are chang'd, and 'tis arrang'd,
(The golden rule forsaking),
That only he shall Patriot be,
Who shows a power of taking.

When he that's gone, who brightly shone,
(Alas for us the story !)
Too shortly toil'd, by faction foil'd,
But long enough for glory.

It was agreed, (lest worthy deed
Should slip from memory's tether,)
Good men and true in reverence due
Should club their mites together.

But what said he, that spirit free ?
‘ My friends, take back your treasure !
Go, dry the tears of honest years !
That, that will give me pleasure ! ’

And long the tear to memory d ar
Shall flow for Him who’s left us
Death tires to find a second mind
Like that of which he’s reft us.

Beside our pearl, a Northland churl
For many years unheeded,
By sudden fit of Tamworth wit
In hopeless cause succeeded.

The fact’ries all, banks great and small,
Corn-factors, Quakers, ninnies,
Took up the tune, and fee’d him soon
With seventy thousand guineas.

An artisan may droop, poor man !
His children die untended,
The worn-out hack may break his back
Or rot in age, unfriended,

But never shall a hospital
Or cloister’d school be founded,
Or refuge door for worthy poor,
With aught that churl’s impounded.

Then ‘rede my rede’ ye sons of greed !
The contrast bears no blinking ;
Make answer plain !—which of the twain
Is nobler to your thinking ?

The country’s voice, the people’s choice,
The generous soul’s opinion,
All, all proclaim the good man’s fame,
And loathe the churl’s dominion.

The Calicocracy.

THERE was a printer lad who found business getting slack,
For they wouldn't trade, and wouldn't trust ; and so he's hit a
track

Quite new ;—
'Tis a grand calicocratising
Cali-oli-ocracising,
Thorough-going, State-revising,
Liverpuddle League.

He's thrown up his engagements, and ta'en his other shirt,
And studied,—dressing clap-trap up in language smart and curt,
To suit
His grand, &c. &c.

He takes his tub about with him, and through 'the Land' he goes,
And harrows souls at tea-parties with tale of 'England's woes.'

Their cure
His grand, &c. &c.

'Your Army's but a 'dead loss,' when none your coast attacks !
Your Navy's a delusion, and your rent a 'Landlord's tax.'

Try then
My grand, &c. &c.

' Your famous Constitution too (as trumpeted by fame)
Is a 'medley of old rubbish' and a 'miserable shame !'

Unlike
My grand, &c. &c.

' Let each man pay his own church, and each man keep his holding,
In spite of rights of property, and purple bishops scolding !

They will !
By my grand calicotratising, &c. &c.

' Let all men have equality in votes, and rank, and tin ;
Unless it be the three per cents ! (which I've a trifle in,)

Given
By my grand, &c. &c.

' The World is one great brotherhood, and shouldn't fall a-fighting ;
And England is a nest of fools will take a power of righting ;

By my
Grand calicocratising, &c. &c.

' Free-trade's your only 'Holloway' to cure a Nation's bad limb ;
' No taxes ' are the 'Morrison' to right internal sad trim.

Apply
To my grand, &c. &c.

' Take notice ' pills ' for bilious states at 'Cockle' Cobden's stations,
In Liverpool and Manchester !—N.B. Beware of imitations !

Unstamp'd
By my grand, &c. &c.'

And this is he who dictates now the Modus and the Measure ;
And winds our greatest Statesmen up, and lets them down at pleasure !
As suits
His grand, &c. &c.

But as for me, although I see the Country's slightly ailing,
I hate a quack of this sort ! and cannot keep from railing
At his
Grand calicotratising,
Cali-oli-ocrasing,
Coli-ali-State-revising,
Hocus-pocus League !

TRANSLATIONS.



Horace in a New Suit.

HORACE. BOOK I. ODE 9.

Soracte.

B EHOLD yonder range of the Grampians!
 Snow white are his hills, and his woods
 Are bowing like ‘Cits’ at St. James’s,—
 And ice binds the roar of his floods.

Away with this chill from our heart-strings !
 Bring logs, Mr. ‘Jeames,’ bring in more !
 And butler ! a couple of magnums !
 And mind ! let it be ‘thirty-four.’

To Providence trusting we’ll tipple !
 And boys, as we draw round the fire,
 We’ll cease to remember the morrow,—
 And what it may bring, to enquire.

For what is the use of ill omens ?
 We’ll leave ‘em to good Mrs. Harris !
 And go in for the ‘Cafés,’ and ‘Cancans,’
 And Easter ‘Bal-masqués’ at Paris.

And now, ere Old Age with his scissors
 The tresses of manhood has shorn,
 We'll go galivanting of evenings,
 In the musical groves of Cremorn.

Where there's plenty of corners adapted
 For a series of merry surprises ;
 And out of the straws we drink ' cobblers,'—
 And out of the girls we get ' rises.'

'Odi profanum vulgus et arceo.'

HORACE. BOOK III. ODE I.

I HATE the great unsympathetic !
 I snub 'em and leave 'em—d'ye see ?
 And I'll tell thee a secret, fair Public !
 Thou never hadst known but for me.

We're all of us poor understrappers !
 In the chain of events we sing small,
 And the bully that kicks us at pleasure
 Is kick'd by old Jove after all.

Some people possess the fat acres,
 Some boast them of blood that is blue ;
 Some go in for renown, some for morals,
 As ' Gladstone ' and ' Shaftesbury ' do !

Some set up for popular leaders !
But none can steer clear of the rule
That mixes mankind up together,
And shakes out the wise with the fool.

The man that knows something to hang him
Will hardly enjoy a beef-steak
And a roasted potato at Evans',
Or go wild at a nightingale's shake.

No matter how small his belongings,
The sleep of the peasant says more
For a conscience devoid of guilt-throngings,
Than the rich man's exuberant snore.

If a man be content with a little,
So long as that little's enough,
He cares not a fig for the Channel
With all its storm signals and stuff.

Hail may batter the vines of the 'Medoc,'
The seasons may ruin the crops,
And the sun or the rain or the weather
Be-devil the turnips and hops.

There's no room for the fish—for the divers
A-setting huge piers in cement,
And contractors reporting on progress !—
My Lord is alone—discontent.

A nasty dyspeptic sensation
Sticks to him wherever he goes ;
The wretched man sees in his visions
A rubicund end to his nose.

Afloat by ‘ Bold Childers ’ invited,
 State Cabin and all at his beck,
 He feels ‘ blazé,’—and so ’tis at Melton ;
 Care gives him a twinge at each check.

But if this be true, my dear fellows !
 And wealth bring no cure with its flow,
 And even friend Bacchus deceive me ;—
 Avaunt ! give me room ! let me go !

Give dinners ! Oh, thank you ! No, never !
 Be builder of palaces new ?
 Faugh ! I hate ’em ! Wealth’s tiresome ! has duties !
 I’m a king when I’ve nothing to do !

‘ *Justum et tenacem propositi virum.*

HOR. Book III. ODE 3.

THE man that is just and true-hearted
 No bellowing Communists shake !
 No truculent Emperors daunt him,—
 Nor lightning nor storms make him quake !

Should this World go to wrack in a hurry,
 And tumble away from its sphere,
 The ruins would crash o’er one bosom
 That never knew panic, or fear !

'Inclusam Danaen turris ahenia.'

HOR. BOOK III. ODE I.

THERE once was a tower,
And a lady in a bower,
And they kept her under lock and key
 So handy oh !
With mastiffs round-about,
Just to keep your lovers out,—
But who shall stop a woman
 And a dandy oh ?

That heavy king Acrisius
Didn't think the Gods so vicious,
And in fatherly security did
 Snore, snore, snore.
When the pass was neatly sold
In a cataclysm of gold,
And open flew the portals of
 Miss Danae's door.

Gold, gold is the receipt
To compass everyfeat !
'Tis a thousand times more potent
 Than the lightning's stroke :
'Twill buy up in a crack,
Emperor 'Max' or 'General Mack,'
And be murderer or traitor
 As it pleases folk.

With gold 'our Pitt' restor'd
 The balance, which the sword
 Of Gallia's 'little Corporal' had
 Made to dip.
 Kings, Ministers, and Peoples,
 He bought up like Towns and Steeples,—
 And left the great Napoleon
 At last without a ship.

The more we have, the more
 We covet for our store,
 Dear Ayrton ! precious Ædile !
 And it makes one shrink,
 To see some vulgar person,
 (All such I leave my curse on,)
 Hold his head as high as 'Haman'
 On the gallows brink.

To the humble shall be dol'd
 God's blessing on his fold ;
 So in lightest marching order
 I intend
 A 'run-away' to tramp
 To the 'ask-for-nothing' camp :
 Pitching over in the meantime
 Every City friend.

Thus, in my poor degree
 A better man I'll be
 Than 'Railway kings' or arbiters
 Of splendid loans ;

In the midst of all their wealth,
 Broken down in heart and health,
 Sitting shivering like a skeleton
 In his bones.

· Fortuna sævo læta negotio.'

HOR. BOOK III. ODE 29.

JAN. 1851.

DAME Fortune rejoicing in mischief,
 An impudent baggage, d'ye see ?
 Doth ever more shuffle her honours,
 Now dealing to thee, now to me.

So long as she blushes, I bless her !
 I praise her as long as she stays,
 When she orders her wings, I resign her
 With—‘ Peace to thec, go on thy ways.’

I wrap myself up in my paletot
 Of conscience, (not Nicoll's invention,)
 And as long as my poverty's honest,
 I care not who touches a pension.

Aussitôt que la lumière
 A redoré nos coteaux.

By MAÎTRE ADAM, *Menuisier de Nevers.*

1861.

As soon as the glorious Sun
 Has regilt our slopes with his ray,
 That the day may be wisely begun
 To my cellar a visit I pay.
 Good health to Aurora's my toast !
 And I ask as the bright liquor flows,
 See'st thou, dear, on the Barbary Coast,
 More rubies than these on my nose ?

The greatest of Kaisers d'ye see
 When I am set in for a drink,
 Should he fulminate war against me
 Would assuredly not make me shrink.
 At table I'm proof against wonders,
 And I hold in the midst of good cheer,
 That if jolly old Jupiter thunders
 Up there, 'tis of me he's in fear.

If one of these days, being fresh,
 I come to the end of my breath,
 I would not live over again,
 Nor refuse so delicious a death.

I'd set off for 'Avernus' post-haste,
And drink Miss 'Tisyphone' blind,
And Pluto's domains should be grac'd
With a tap by my talent design'd.

By nectar's enjoyments fast bound,
The Demons should yield to my spell ;
And the praises of Bacchus resound
Through the roystering arches of Hell.
I'd quench with great bumpers the drouth
That irritates 'Tantalus' so,
And replenish Ixion's poor mouth
With the bottle's indefinite flow.

Forty days after I'm gone to pot,
A hundred good fellows are bound
To come, cup in hand, to the spot
Where I lie at last under-ground.
They'll honour my memory best
With a hecatomb novel and fine,
And sprinkle the ground where I rest
With a hundred good flagons of wine.

Of marble or porphyry's store
No splendid memorial I crave,
A big barrel, I ask nothing more,
Instead of a hearse let me have !
Let them paint my nose jolly and red !
And around it this legend display :
'Here lies of all topers the head !
The greatest that ever saw day !'

Love's Voyage with Time.

DE SEGUR.

A n old man, Time they call him,
Came to a river-side ;
And ' Is there none to pity me,
And help me o'er ? ' he cried.
' What, gossips, will you leave me
To reckon up each chime ?
I pray you of your charity,
Bestow a lift on Time ! '

Upon the bank, on t'other side,
Stood many a willing maid ;
And hail'd young Love the ' Ferryman '
To row to ' Old Time's ' aid.
But one, more prudent than the rest,
Chanted a warning rhyme ;
' How many fools have shipwreck made
In giving a lift to Time. '

Love gaily sought the river-bank,
And landing on the sward,
Stepp'd up to good old father Time,
And bade him come a-board.

TRANSLATIONS.

And off they go, where winds may blow,
Oars dipping to the chime
Of—‘ See, my dears ! how merrily
Love gives a lift to Time ! ’

But ‘ Love ’ grew soon a-weary,
That ever was his sin ;
‘ Time ’ takes his place and plies the oar
Crying—What ! so soon give in ?
Poor, feeble child, no longer
At thy command we rove !
Thou sleep’st !—while I am singing
Time gives a lift to love.

PASSAGES FROM THE POEM
OF THE BOOK OF JOB.

1860.

The Pearl of Wisdom.

P. 105.

BUT where shall Wisdom's pearl be found ?
 Say, where is now the place
 Where understanding's dwelling place
 In certain signs ye trace ?
 Man knoweth not the price thereof,—
 And seek it far and wide,
 It is not found in any land
 Where living men abide !
 The depth saith—‘It is not in me !’
 So answereth the sea :
 For gold and silver's well-weigh'd store
 Gotten it cannot be.
 Valued with gold of Ophir
 It cannot be,—alone ;
 Or the dark sapphire's lambent blue,
 Or the precious onyx stone.
 The crystal cannot equal it,
 Nor yet the ruddy gold ;
 It shall not be exchang'd against
 Jewels of finest mould.
 Of coral, and of orient pearls
 No mention shall be made,
 For above the price of rubies
 Is wisdom's value laid.

The topaz shall not equal it
From Ethiopia's land ;
Nor the purest gold that ever came
Into the merchant's hand.
Whence cometh then this wisdom
So long and widely sought ?
And where doth understanding bide,
That it cannot be bought ?
Seeing that it is hidden from
All living creatures' eyes,
And close reserv'd from ev'ry fowl
That airy venture plies.
Death and destruction hoarsely say,—
Lo ! we have heard its name !
And to our ears long since hath come
The greatness of its fame !
God understandeth wisdom's way, &c.

* * * *

‘Then the Lord out of the Whirlwind.’

1860.

THEN the Lord out of the whirlwind
 Did answer Job and say :
 ‘ Who is this that darkeneth counsel
 With idle words to day ?
 Gird up thy loins now like a man,
 And I will ask of thee ;
 Where wast thou when I founded earth ?
 Declare if thou didst see !
 Who hath laid out its measures ?
 Or who hath stretched the line
 Upon it ? Speak—if thou canst tell !
 If thou knowest, give a sign !
 Whereupon are its foundations fixed ?
 Its fastenings whereupon ?
 Or who at the beginning laid
 The corner stone thereon ?
 When the morning stars together sang
 Their orisons of praise,
 And the sons of God did shout for joy
 And magnify His ways !

‘ Or who shut up the sea with doors,
 When it brake forth as though
 It had issued from the living womb
 In ceaseless overflow ?

When I made the cloud its garment,
 And for a swaddling band
I girt it with thick darkness,
 By the cunning of my hand ;
And brake up for it my decree
 And time-appointed space,
And set it bars and prison doors
 To keep it to its place ;
And said—Hereunto shalt thou come,
 But no further, mighty sea !
And here shall thy proud waves be stayed,
 And here thy bounds shall be.

' Into the springs of ocean
 Hast thou enter'd curiously ?
Or hast thou walked, searching out
 The abysses of the sea ?
Have the gates of death been open'd
 Unto thee that drawest breath ?
Or hast thou seen the doors
 Of the shadowy realms of death ?
Into the treasures of the snow
 Hast enter'd without fail ?
Or hast thou seen the arsenal
 Of blinding sleet and hail ?
By what device, I prithee,
 Is light asunder hurled,
Which scattereth the bleak east wind
 Over the shrinking world ?
Hath the rain a father ? or the dew
 A sire ? By whose advice

Was heaven's hoar frost begotten ?
Out of whose womb came ice ?
Hid as with monumental stone
The lifeless waters sleep :
And all afroze and silent lies
The bosom of the deep !

· Who has sent out the wild ass,
The swift 'onager' free ?
Or who hath loosed his shackles
That a slave he'll never be ?
Whose house I've made the wilderness,
And the barren land his home ;
The dwelling in whose solitude
It pleaseth him to roam.
He loveth not the multitude,
The crowded city's train ;
And the driver's shrill alarum,
Crieth after him in vain.
His pasture's on the mountain range,
By the valley and the spring ;
And he searcheth in his lustihood
For every green thing !

' Gavest thou the goodly colouring
That from the peacock springs ?
Or the tufted plumes that decorate
The piebald ostrich wings ?
Which leaveth in the earth her eggs,
And warms them in the dust,
And forgets they may be broke of beasts,
Or by the foot be crushed. ***

She is hardened 'gainst her young ones
 As though they were not hers ;
 Her labour is without the fear
 That another bosom stirs.
 Because God hath deprived her
 Of the wisdom of her kind,
 Neither hath He imparted
 An understanding mind.
 What time she lifteth up herself
 And fettleth her to flee,
 She scorneth horse and rider—
 With all their mastery.

' Is it thou that hast bestowed his strength
 Upon the matchless steed ?
 Hast thou cloth'd his neck with thunder,
 Or given him his speed ?
 Canst thou make him as the grasshopper
 Of every leaf afraid ?
 The glory of his nostrils
 Is terribly display'd.
 He paweth in the valley,
 He is strong amidst alarms ;
 He goeth on with confidence
 To meet the men-at-arms.
 He mocketh at the name of fear,—
 For nought he turneth back,—
 Neither for terror of the sword
 Deserteth he his track.
 The quiver soundeth on his flank,
 The glittering spear and shield

They rattle up against him
Upon the bloody field ;
With fierceness and exceeding rage
He swalloweth the ground ;
Neither believeth he indeed
That it is the trumpet's sound.
He saith among the trumpets,
In the thickest press—Ha ! ha !
He smelleth out the battle
And the danger from afar :
The thunder of the captains,
And the shouting of the war.'

Leviathan.

Page 168.

CANST thou draw out Leviathan
With a line, and with a hook?
Or his tongue with cord thou lettest down
To the deep pools of the brook?
Canst thou put a hook into his nose?
Or canst thou pierce with thorn
The shears of those tremendous jaws
That triple teeth adorn?
And many supplications
Unto thee will he make?
And many soft and honied words
Unto thee will he speak?
Will he make a covenant with thee,
And be thy slave for aye?
Wilt thou bind him for thy maidens
And bird-like with him play?

I will not conceal his parts and power,
His comeliness I'll scan.
Who can tear the visor from his face?
And bridle him who can?

Who can rive his jaws asunder,
With iron teeth supplied ?
Shut up together close as wax,
Scale armour is his pride.
One is so near another
No air can come between ;
The scales are close, the plates are fast,
The joints are sharp and clean !
Light shineth by his neesings—
And like lids of morn
His eyes are—from his mouth start lamps,
And sparks of fire are born.
As out of seething caldron,
Smoke from his nostrils rolls ;
Flame flashes from his yawning mouth,
And his breath kindles coals.
Strength is the portion of his neck—
And in his path anon
Sorrow is turnēd into joy—
The flakes of flesh upon
His frame are joined together
In solid texture groov'd ;
They are firm and stedfast in themselves,
And cannot be remov'd.
His heart is steady as the rock,
And firm as is the hone,
Yea,—hard as is a fragment
Of the nethermost millstone !
And when he raiseth up himself
In battle's pomp display'd,
Terror defiles his enemies,
And the mighty are afraid.

The sword of him that layeth at
 His armour cannot hold ;
Neither can breastplate, spear, or shield
 That are of earthly mould.
Iron he estimates as straw,
 And brass as rotten wood ;
By archer's shaft, or slinger's stone
 He cannot be withstood.
Darts are accounted stubble,
 And arrows turn'd to chaff
With him, and at the shaking
 Of spear heads he doth laugh.
Sharp stones are underneath him,
 And he spreadeth in his ire
Harpoons, and every pointed thing
 Over the trampled mire.
Like a pot he makes the deep to boil,
 Like a pot of oil the sea ;
And hoary thou wouldest deem the deep
 In his shining wake to be.
There is not upon earth his like,—
 To fear in nought allied ;
High are his thoughts,—he moves a king
 O'er all the sons of pride.

BALLADS OF THE CRIMEAN
WAR.

1856.

Song of the Caucasus.

1856.

THE 'Moscov' in the valleys his armies may keep!—
And ravage the folds of his Georgian sheep.
'Immeritia' may lower her pitiful spear!—
Not such is the lot of the free mountaineer.

Bold sons of 'Abasia,' 'Circassia,' and all
Who see the storms brew, and the avalanche fall!
While 'Elborus' flashes his peaks in the sun,
We will keep what God gave, and ask license of none!

For ours is the steed that in fleetness excels,
And the flower of beauty grows wild in our dells!
The hamlet, the pasture, the nightingale's bowers,—
And the hands that can guard them in danger, are ours!

And ours is the sword, like the falchion of flame
That 'twixt Adam's presence and Paradise came;
The floods of all 'Russia' through 'Dariel' may rave,—
We'll look down from our æries and govern the wave.

Reach down then, 'Zuleika,' yon hauberk of mail,
Whose steel's ever true, and whose rings never fail;
And give me the rifle whose vengeance is known
By the bubbling gore, and the answering groan.

I'll away to the leaguer where 'Schamyl' is seen!—
In councils sagacious, in perils serene;
There's a sound as of war in the land, and a voice
Bids all who love honour and country rejoice!

They tell me that friends are abroad on the sea,
That our scouts bring in tidings of joy to the free!
That strong-holds in ruins fresh triumphs portend!—
But, men of the mountain, beware of a friend!

Let him give, what we lack,—cannon, powder, and ball!
Let him bid us 'God speed!'—and God strike for us all!
For the dastard that oweth to strangers his right
Is unworthy to live when he ceases to fight!

The Crimean war was of no use to the Circassians.

Ingratitude.

1856.

I
T was a stately veteran,
Well worn in war and years ;
A gentleman of noblest birth,
And one of England's Peers !

And the forty years were over
Of peace by Europe won ;
And they look'd around for one of those
Who were taught by ' Wellington.'

(For upon a day—alack the day !
How many friends we mourn !
Was the painted masque of Courts thrown by,
And ' Kaisers ' woke forlorn.)

And ' She ' sent for him to Windsor,
And said,—' Go forth and wield
The slumb'ring might of England,
And be her spear and shield !'

He has kiss'd her hand in silence,
And ta'en his last adieu ;
' Cincinnatus '-like they sought him,
And found him ready too.

And he hath left the chalky cliffs
That World-defying stand,
Without a cannon, or redoubt,
To guard our native land.

And with him went a chosen few,—
But such as England sends
When she flings her rusted scabbard by
In the service of her friends.

Then first since many an anxious year
Men saw her Cross advance
In concert with her ancient foe,
The ‘ tricolor ’ of France.

Europe look’d on in wonder,
And wise-men paus’d in vain !
They saw it then for the first time,—
When shall they see’t again ?

Weep for the sloth of ‘ Varna ! ’
Weep for the silver lake,
And the pleasant hills more deadly
Than the painted pois’nois snake !

But shout, ye gallant soldiers,
For ‘ Alma’s ’ heights are won,
And ‘ Russia’s ’ hosts have vanish’d
As her snows before the Sun.

Beneath you lies defenceless
The baffled ‘ Czar’s ’ strong-hold ;
Where he forg’d the chains of Nations,
As his ‘ fathers ’ did of old.

There frown his thousand cannon,
There loom his pirate ships !—
'Twere better for his honour
Had they never left their slips.

But he that ev'ry chance foresees,
Superior o'er each one,
Must be something more than hero—
Or 'Cæsar's' self was none !

A weary winter lies in store,
And combats such as those
Which 'Gods' and 'Men' together wag'd
When 'Greece' and Troy were foes.

Then came the day of little souls,
And murmurs cross'd the wave
From idlers strong to find a fault
But impotent to save.

And that fickle mistress, 'Daily Fame,'
Exchang'd her cuckoo note,
For a wilderness of owlet-cries,
And dirges got by rote.

And what did he, that noble heart,
In ev'ry change of ill,
When Statesmen falter'd—Nations frown'd ?
He suffer'd and was still :

Injustice drew no cry from him,
Unkindness no disdain ;
He did his duty fearlessly
And no man knew his pain.

But when his honest life was clos'd,
And 'earth return'd to earth ;'
His gallant army mourn'd him well ;—
For they had seen his worth.

Their hearts had not been stol'n away
By jealousy, or lies ;
They knew—how rough the soldier's path ;
How poor the 'Victor's prize.'

Shame on all pliant Statesmen !
Shame on all busy fools !
And shame on those who blame the work,
That should have found the tools !

Somewhat perhaps has since been done ;—
But hist'ry shall proclaim
In glowing words, when all is known,—
'Lord Raglan's' genuine fame.

Since these lines were written, the predictions therein contain'd have been in a great measure verified. The World now knows some portion at least of the difficulties with which 'Lord Raglan' had to deal, both at home, in the field, and in the camp ; but it is equally certain that the erection of his statue into an 'Achilles' of unknown and exorbitant dimensions, (as practis'd by 'Mr. Kinglake,') will hardly give posterity a correct appreciation of his plans, his difficulties, his disappointments, or his achievements. 1878.

To the Memory of the Brave.

1856.

To the memory of the Brave
that are gone ;—
Let us drink a loyal toast !
Most honour'd, cherish'd most ;—
For our hearts are with the host
that is gone !

It was ‘duty’ sent them forth
in their might !
Against the ‘Cossack’ lance,
Through peril and mischance,
In brotherhood with France,—
for the right.

Steady, steady as the cliffs
did they stand !
And their pulse beat like the clock,—
And their hearts were stout as rock,—
And strong in battle’s shock
was their hand !

And lofty was their majesty,
and lone !

Woe, woe unto the fool
That reckon'd them by rule
Of any other school
 but their own.

Impassive clos'd their ranks
 as they stood,
The moiety of the brave
That first stemm'd the Russian wave ;
Returning grave for grave,
 blood for blood !

Then how should these be foil'd
 at the last ?
'Russia's' bravest strew the hill ;—
(For they lack'd not heart and will,
Though 'Tchernaia's' bloody rill
 be repass'd.

Let their memory be green
 as the leaves !
The leaves that first appear,—
Spring's off'ring to the year,
Ere in garments scant and sere
 Autumn grieves !

Let the mothers that have borne such
 sons, rejoice !
Sweet-hearts, weep no more aloud !
Sisters, pine not o'er a shroud !
And ye, widow'd wives, be proud
 of your choice !

And thou, Fatherland, that sent them
forth, be glad !
For the stock is still the same ;—
Limbs of iron, souls of flame ;
On ‘duty’ follows ‘fame,’
sure, but sad !

To the memory of the brave
that are gone,—
Let us drink a loyal toast,
Most honour’d, cherish’d most ;—
Let us call them England’s boast,
and pass on !

The Grave of Blair.

1857.

A FAR from the glens and brown hills of his Scotland,
 By yon mound keeping watch o'er a city once fair,
 There flashes at evening a bright lamp of honour !—
 'Tis the sunbeam that rests on the head-stone of Blair !

Dear friend of my youth ! when I'd friends in profusion,
 But none more light-hearted, more loyal, more true ;
 My soul as I ponder in manhood grows colder,
 And denies to the crowd what it keeps for the few !

Cut off—ah too soon !—in a good cause thou diedst !
 And Glory shall gild, though she cannot restore !
 But the space that was thine in mine heart, is thine ever !
 Though the roof of thy fathers receive thee no more.

On Inkerman's heights, with the rest of those giants,
 The 'Titans' whose arms kept all Russia at bay,
 The roll of the drum through the morning mist found thee,
 In the pathway of honour, the van of the fray !

Far off, on the hills of the country that lov'd thee,
A monument rises that blazons thy name ;
And a legend that tells to the way-farer truly,
Thy life of good promise, thy death of fair fame.

But thou art at rest in the land of the stranger,
And the bones of the victor the vanquish'd must keep :
Where 'Cathcart' and other three thousand true soldiers,
Thy comrades in honour and destiny, sleep !

The Czar's Dream.

1858.

THERE was peace throughout the world,
 Every battle-flag was furl'd,
 Every General was rotting in retreat !
 And the spider flung her pall
 O'er the trophies on the wall
 Of Basilicon and Hall,
 As was meet !

On his Spartan bed of straw
 Toss'd the man whose will is law ;
 In the murder-haunted chamber of his sires :
 Great as Lucifer he lay ;—
 But not a serf that day
 Would have barter'd chains away,
 For his fires.

The ‘madman Peter’s’ rage,
 And Catherine’s base old age,
 And the Nemesis of Paul lay on his soul :
 Their ‘testament’ remain’d,—
 And what is all they gain’d,
 Till Europe writhe enchain’d ?
 That’s the goal !

Byzantium's crumbling power,
Naboth's vineyard of the hour !

Is it time to set 'the sick man' up on high ?
Are the witnesses at hand,
With falsehoods shrewdly plann'd,
To back Jezebel's command,—
‘Let him die ?’

The streaks of coming day
Ting'd night's panoply with grey,
And mingled with the lightning's sheeted gleam ;
When a vision foul and dread
Flung its pinions o'er his head,
And he lay, as do the dead,
In a dream !

By the rolling Danube's flood
With a countless host he stood ;
And their helmets flash'd like stars on the night :
Not a man but own'd his nod,
Not a man but fear'd his rod,
Not a man but thought him God
In his might !

And his heart was puff'd with pride,
As he turn'd him to the side
Where the crescents of the foe wax and wane :
So, in Babylon of old,
The glorious 'head of gold,'
The Assyrian—grew bold
In disdain.

Then his liegemen bowing down
Swore to win him a new crown ;
And he listen'd to their anthems stern and grim :
A thousand tribes were there,
Whose voices swell'd the prayer,
To thy wild and wailing air,
 Russian hymn !

Then he turn'd him in his seat
And beheld a noble fleet
 Stealing forth from its moorings with the night :—
To Sinope's red bay
Like a thief it took its way ;
And there, an easy prey
 Hove in sight !

With the shrieks of slaughter'd foes
The din of battle rose ;
 And the Moslem sank in flames with his craft.
Few struggle any more
To the lurid-glancing shore,
For vain is plank and oar ;
 Then he laugh'd !

A change came o'er his dream,
And he saw a pleasant stream
 Through vineyards, under heights creeping now ;
And one said—‘ Behold this spot !
Here let France and England rot !
 For drive us they shall not
 From yon brow ! ’

But the 'Zouave' on the flank,
And the 'Guardsman' rank on rank,
 And the 'Highlander' mov'd on like a wall ;
And his 'grey-coats' backward stray'd
By groups, into the shade
Of the murd'rous guns that play'd
 Over all.

Not a rally ! not a stand !
Defeat on every hand !
 Sebastopol lies shieldless—disenthron'd ;
And twenty fathom down
Rots the fleet that saves the town,
Oh ! pitiful renown !
 Then he groan'd !

'Twas twilight dank and chill !
Mists garrison'd the hill ;
 And sentinels loom'd tower-like in the gloom.
When a monitory hum,
And a tramp, and muffled drum,
Told Englishmen they come !
 'Charge them home !'

Like a swarm of angry bees,
Like hail rattling through the trees,
 Like locusts, in their myriads, on they strain.
That day no foot gave back,
That day no hand was slack,
Each perish'd in his track,
 But in vain !

At last, like wreath of snow
Topped headlong down below,
O'er the valley, and 'Tchernaia's' bank they swept ;
Beneath the 'Zouave's' steel,
And the cannon's iron peal,
Their masses rock and reel !
Then he wept !

On the wintry 'steppe' he stood,
And the Sun went down in blood ;
And the wolves snuff'd the scent of dying men :
Curses sounded in his ear,
From the fallen wretches near :—
And if ever he knew fear
It was then !

As he mark'd the column's strength,
Reeling, shudd'ring through its length,
A hurricane extinguish'd moon and star ;
Ten thousand march'd one day,—
Half remain beside the way ;
For the remnant let us pray !
Saith the Czar !

Again his soul return'd
Where ambition lay inurn'd,
To the 'leaguer' of Sebastopol the brave,
He saw Hell's fire rain down,
Crumbling fortress, dock, and town,
The jewels of his crown,
In one grave !

And now, an icy dart
Struck its barbs within his heart,
 And his mighty limbs were prostrate, as in sleep ;
On a dying bed he lay,
And he heard the mourners say,—
‘Our father’s pass’d away !
 Let us weep !’

Yet he drew another breath,
And shook the dews of death
 From his forehead, and to Alexander spoke.—
But day’s refreshing beam
Gilded Neva’s ample stream,
And shudd’ring from his dream
 He awoke !

FENIANANA:

A BUNDLE OF SHAFTS
FROM A
FENIAN QUIVER.

BY ONE WHO LATELY LANGUISH'D IN
SAXON CHAINS.

MAY 21, 1869.

The Probationary Ode.

SURE the day of reprisals must soon intervene !

For O'Shaughnessy's up in the Bally-potheen,
And the 'Four Wise Masters' are wearing 'the Green,'
And the Army of 'Oireland's' in ev'ry shebeen,
Drinking health to our 'Gladstone,' and death
To his foe !

Will ye show me a patriot purer than 'Bright,'
Weeping over 'ould Oireland's' deplorable plight ?
For says he—'were she fifteen degrees from her site,
She'd be clane out of reach of this Sassenach spite ;—

And be great as she was in thy days,—
'Owen Roe !'

From the 'Bog of ould Allen,' to 'Cashel's grey rock,'
Come up the war-notes of our own 'Shan-van-Vacht.'
But alack, like the Cuckoo the Lady can mock,
And has lately experienc'd an 'illigant' shock
From them that should not leave her likes
In the lurch.

And 'tis thought by the learnéd she's gone off to charm
The 'bould Mayor of Cork' from his late sickly qualm ;

'Owen Roe.' 'Owen Roe O'Neill.' Red Owen, poisoned or said to have been at 'Cloc-Uctair.' 1649, A.D.—*Spirit of the Nation*, p. 15.

'Shan-van-Vacht.' Date 1176, A.D.

And that both will appear with more power to their arm,
 When Ireland's occasion brings England's alarm,
 And 'Gladstone' has had his wild will
 Of the Church.

Oh kinder than 'Owen,' and truer than 'Shane !'
 Bright rose of old Erin's impayrial dawn !
 Thou hast dar'd to lay hands on the mitre and lawn ;
 And treated 'Ascindency's Bogey' with scorn :
 So we'll rise to the 'Slogan' of
 'Gladstone aboo !'

For the black curse of 'Crom'll' is come to its close,
 And the 'Sunburst' is flinging despair to our foes,
 And around him stand 'ollamhs' and 'breithams' in rows,
 And 'St. Phadraig's comharba' that every one knows,
 Is shouting—'God bless him ! here's
 Gladstone ! hurroo !'

'*Slogan.*' Gathering cry—war cry—sometimes written 'Slogaun.' The same word was in use among the 'Gael.'

'*Gladstone aboo.*' Gladstone for ever ! 'Crom aboo,' the motto of the FitzGeralds, means, The ape for ever ! alluding to the tame ape that took the Heir of the House of Leinster to the top of a steeple, when a baby in arms, and what is more, brought him down again in safety.

'*The Sunburst.*' This name was given by the Bards to the national Standard of Ireland. It was green. Hence all the talk about 'the Green.'

'*St. Phadraig's Comharba.*' In other words St. Patrick's Successor. i.e. The Arch-Bishop of Armagh.

And with him the ‘dynasts’ that make an ‘O’Neill,’
 And in similar shindies have never turn’d tail ;—
 ‘O’Hagain,’ and ‘O’Donoghue,’ and ‘O’Siadhal,’
 The descendants of Kings, and the ‘Lords of the Pale,’—
 With their ‘Cead-mile-failte,’—We know
 What you mean !

Go tackle ‘thim Protestants,’ Gladstone astore !
 For ‘Ould Oireland’ is hungry, and asking for more ;
 And she’ll take, by your ‘lave,’ now you’ve open’d the door,
 The land—with its lashings and lavings gillore !—
 Och ! twill be a proud day when—
 Yourself shall wear ‘green !’

For ‘St. Phadraig’s’ migration of serpents and toads,
 Was an image of Landlords pack’d off in cart-loads,
 And many address’d by the shortest of roads,
 After several approv’d and indigenous modes,
 To the bourne from which Sassenachs
 Never return.

Sure, it makes the heart leap when one’s hoping to be
 A native of ‘Oireland’ great, glorious, and free,
 ‘The Priestess of Freedom,’ the ‘gem of the Sea ;’—
 And the pattern for Nations that never agree.—
 Then up with her ‘shamrock’ and
 Down with her urn !

‘*The dynasts.*’ These gentlemen chose the ‘O’Neill’ and his ‘Tanist,’ *i.e.* his successor (for there was always chosen the chief and his designated successor), who went by this title. This was the real meaning of ‘Tanistry,’ a custom about which there have been many confused statements.

For o'er Erin's fair future there dawns a new star ;
When each 'dynast' shall drive in his own 'low-back'd car,'
Independent of taxes, and rent-rolls that mar
The prisenst position of things as they are ;—
And make of the 'Islands of Saints'
H—ll or worse !

For 'John Bright's' made it right for us down in thin parts,
With 'Chancellor Lowe' that bould master of arts ;
And sure—'Oireland's' to pay not with gold but with hearts,
A coin mighty rare in thim Sassenach marts.—
Then let your 'Rosg-cata' be
'Bright Gladstone's nurse !'

'*Chancellor Lowe.*' The Right Hon^{ble} Robert Lowe of 'Ex Luce Lucellum' memory. A notable device.

'*Rosg-Cata.*' Literally the 'eye of battle,'—the 'War song of the Bards.'—*Spirit of the Nation*, p. 33.

There's a Sugh in the Wind.

HERE'S a 'sugh' in the Wind, Brother !
A 'sugh' in the Wind !

And it whispers—'Death and danger,
And the triumph of the stranger !'
For the Wind it is a ranger.—

But it cannot change of Erin
The constant martyr mind !

When Summer bursts in sheen, Brother !
Summer bursts in sheen ;

With blessings we'll salute her,
For no Saxon can pollute her,
To England she's no suitor !

Though she flaunt o'er ev'ry valley
Our own immortal green.

There's a cloud on the sea, Brother !
A cloud on the sea.

'Tis no bigger than your hand !
But there's promise in it,—grand !—
Of rain o'er all the land.—
When the curse shall leave old Ireland,
And at last we shall be free.

Mists are o'er the Mountains Streaming.

MISTS are o'er the mountains streaming,
 Banners in the sun-lifts gleaming,
 Freedom's sons, as is beseeming,
 Rush into the van !

Cold ye lay among the heather,
 Mocking hunger, wind, and weather ;
 Here ye're met—and all together.
 Lacketh not one man !

Fenian heroes, friends, and brothers,
 Leave not Erin's wrongs to others !
 Duty's note all music smoothers !—
 Harps, be ready there !

By the coronach of woe,
 Erin's message to her foe
 From the bier of 'Owen Roe'
 Slain at Cloc-Uctair.

'Slain at Cloc-Uctair.' 'On his march he was seized with a fluxion at the knees; a disease reported to have been produc'd by poison; and he died at 'Clought-Oughter' Castle Nov^r 6, 1649, and was buried in the Abbey of Cavan.—*John O'Driscoll's History.* 1 vol. p. 235.

Long we've waited ! long we'll wait !
Nothing keeps so fresh as hate.
Wrongs are never out of date,—
 Woes that Nations feel.

Look upon yon glorious Sun
For the last time, many a one !
Bards shall sing your deeds when done—
 Show them now your steel !

The Green.

On the Green ! the glorious Green !
 'Tis a colour shall be seen
 In palace and shebeen
 Ere long !
 Proscrib'd for many years,
 And sanctified with tears,
 Thou child of many fears,
 Wax strong !

From regions whence the Sun
 His lightsome course begun,
 Ere Noah's days were done,—
 It came !
 Phoenicia's wand'lers bore
 To a 'melancholy shore,'
 By dint of sail and oar,
 That same.

Of this gallant Green were fond
 'Tirowen' and 'Desmond,'
 And 'Owen Roe' beyond
 Compare ;

With this banner in the field
We were never known to yield,
And whatever they repeal'd,
It was there !

The shamrock dons it now
On the pleasant upland brow,
This England will allow
In truth ;
'Tis the liv'ry of the trees,
That wear it as they please,
And flaunt it in the breeze
Forsooth.

"Tis the colour of the wave !
"Tis the mantle of the grave !
When the sward receives the slave
Distress'd,
After many bitter years,
Many shatter'd hopes and fears,
(The discipline of tears,)
To rest.

"Tis the colour that looks best
On an Irish-woman's breast,
O'er the saffron's golden vest
Display'd.

When thou these colours wearest,
And with a hero pairest,
Ireland's hope thou bearest,
Fair maid !

Then hail to thee, dear Green !
Wherever thou art seen,
In castle or shebeen,
 High or Low !
We know thy language well :
It means—‘ Foreigners to H—ll ! ’
And a universal knell
 To our foe.

Red Hugh.

ADAPTED FROM THE SONG OF THE WESTERN MEN,
 'A GOOD SWORD AND A TRUSTY HAND,'
 WRITTEN BY THE REV'D. R. S. HAWKER.

WHEN thatch and rafter's all 'a-lowe,'
 And roof-tree drops in flame,
 The Saxon churls shall surely know
 That 'Red Hugh' is my name !
 Then welcome rule of pike and brand,
 The good times we'll renew ;
 And Saxon babes shall understand
 What Irishmen can do.

The father to the bloody pike,
 The mother to the stake,
 Mother and babe shall fare alike
 For dear old Ireland's sake !
 And have they fix'd the where and when ?
 And shall 'O'Farrel' die ?
 Then sixty thousand Fenian men
 Shall know the reason why.

Up spake our glorious 'Shan-van-Vacht,'
 A Sibyl true is she !
 ' If they were cag'd on Calpe's rock
 We'd set our Patriots free ! '

A good sword, and a trusty hand,
A gallant heart and true :
Victoria's 'hordes' shall understand
What 'Fenian lads' can do.

You've ground us daily to the dust
Through many a circling year,
But still we've answer'd thrust for thrust,
And still old Ireland's dear !
Then tremble for the winter's nights,
Ye fierce and bloody crew !
England prefers her 'Bill of Rights !'—
And trusts in me, 'Red Hugh !'

GLADSTONIANA

Extraordinary Interview in Downing Street.

1853.

PLEAS'D with the last creation of his brain,
 Of 'Hume's' applause and Cobden's 'Hear hims!' vain,
 Dark Gladstone sits apart—in that grim shade
 Which none but Coalitionists invade.
 Sudden a knock is heard,—and to his core
 'Old Downing' shakes as street ne'er shook before.
 A 'Stranger' mounts the steps,—before him fly
 The stricken menials with averted eye ;
 He stalks where Gladstone sits ;—confronts his chair :—
 And without preface asks ;—' How gat ye there ?'

GLADSTONE.

How gat I there ?—why—by the self-same route
 Which all have follow'd,—turning others out !
 But how did'st thou, friend, unannounc'd get here ?
 What means this rudeness ?—why this chilling sneer ?

STRANGER.

A stranger I !—I always come just so.
 And who I am, you'll hear before I go.
 Then come ! no subterfuge,—lay bare your brain,
 Detail your motives, and your deeds explain !

GLADSTONE.

Four courses to my choice expanded lay ;
 Four parties beckon'd ;—each a different way.
 I might have join'd Lord Derby !—or I might —

STRANGER (*interrupting*).

Four parties there might be, but 'one' was right !
 Did'st thou with single eye, and loyal heart,
 By duty's sober standard rule thy part ?

GLADSTONE.

Why yes, of course—that is, at least, just so,
 In some respects I did,—in others no !
 Mine was a ticklish part ; and sure, if I
 Play'd fast and loose, you know the reason why.
 Rivals and 'quondam' friends unite in vain ;
 Nor, like the scissors, part to meet again.

STRANGER.

Look to thyself !—in thine heart's inmost seat
 Doth not revenge with angry pulses beat ?
 Burns not thy 'budget' with disastrous fires,
 'The war of 'Classes,' and defeat of Squires ?

GLADSTONE.

Shall I betray the loins from which I sprung ;
 Or leave the withers of the Squires unwrung ?
 'Class interests' govern as they did of old ;
 But tyrant acres bow at last to gold !

STRANGER.

For once, without disguise, thou speakest true !
The Norman had it once,—but now the Jew.
In vain his arms may Chivalry display !
London and ‘Baron Rothschild’ rule the day !

GLADSTONE.

Who pays the fiddler may command the stave ;
And Russell but returns what ‘Rothschild’ gave.

STRANGER.

Indeed ! but tell me with thy pregnant wit,
And ‘Torier’ principles than ‘Tory’ Pitt ;
Why doth the gaping crowd astonish’d see
Their newest idol,—Peel’s sole legatee,
In parti-colour’d mantle aptly dress’d,
‘Bright’s’ straight-cut coat, and ‘Pusey’s’ Roman vest ?

GLADSTONE.

‘Place’ I’ve desir’d, and ‘place’ at last I’ve got !
So let Consistency and Squires go rot !
Thine is a driv’ller’s sneer, an idiot’s tale !
The Statesman’s genuine wreath is—not to fail.
His party’s ends unflinching he consults ;
Gags foes by votes, and clamour with results.

STRANGER.

Unhappy England to such guides consign’d !
Sport of the waves, and plaything of the wind !

Infirimest principle brands high and low !
 Facts are a farce ; and Truth a raree-show.
 When every patriot his own greed pursues,
 And Christian Bishops vote for scoffing Jews,
 Doubtless ere long, some namby-pamby set
 Will take thee up, forgotten Mahomet ;
 Or press with dismal groans and verbal froth
 The disabilities of Juggernaut.
 Wilt thou then, Gladstone, grant the social meed,
 And comprehend an idol in thy creed ?

GLADSTONE.

An idol ! that assumption's most unfair !
 You pass the bounds of order, Sir ! Chair ! chair !
 Ho ! messengers without !

STRANGER.

Pray let them be !
 How many, think you there, dare cope with me ?
 Two startling questions yet remain to ask ;
 So charge thy memory, and discharge thy task !

GLADSTONE.

Who art thou, wretch ? the chilling Lord of tones
 That freeze the marrow in my shrinking bones ?
 Did mine own Oxford, in her cloisters, know
 How hard beset am I, how rude my foe ;
 Nine casuists, smartest of her sons, she'd send,
 To do this battle for her Jesuit friend !

STRANGER.

Smartness and casuistry alike would fail !
I'm only silenc'd by a truthful tale !
'Tis Oxford asks, (for she bewilder'd heard
The Siren sweetness of thy Punic word,)
Are thy mellifluous 'vote-traps' what they seem'd ?
And talk of pledges—is there one redeem'd ?

GLADSTONE.

Pledges are always given with reservations.

STRANGER.

Subject to your own interest ?

GLADSTONE.

No ! the Nation's !

STRANGER.

Bravo ! Yet hold ! I scent a coming storm !
The mad 'tornado' of a 'new Reform :'
Deaf partisan ! from thy false dreams awake !
And cast off 'Russell' for thy Country's sake !

GLADSTONE.

Russell ! still dearest to this blameless heart !
Never ! till death or interest do us part !
Now keep thy word, and tell me what thou art.

STRANGER.

Conscience ! in Downing Street 'a stranger guest !!!'

GLADSTONE.

Oh leave me ! carry hence thy searching test !

STRANGER.

Never ! while hackney'd Statesmen 'rat' for place ;
Or needy 'Janus' wear a double face !
Never ! while Whigs condemn'd to broken meat,
In tutor'd envy grovel at thy feet !

JOHN DAVIS.

A New Address to the Land o' Cakes.

FEBR. 7, 1874.

'LAMENT in rhyme, lament in prose,'
 Wi' saut tears trickling down the nose,
 And reaching to the feet and toes,
 Puir Gladstone's deid !
 Wi' Quixote's lance he charg'd his foes,
 And got his meed !

He was a dour, camsteerie chiel,
 A babe o' grace as stieve as steel,
 And whiles he gart the farmer's feel
 His heavy hand,
 Ae bugbear had this ne'er-do-weel,
 And it was ' land.'

He never could let weel alone,
 His mind was cast in sic a tone.
 He gart a' classes snort and groan
 For many months ;
 And wha for rest wad pray and moan
 He ca'd him dunce !

'Twas not enough that 'Bruce' should fail,
 Or 'Ayrton' snub, or 'Robert' rail ;
 But he maun clap 'neath England's tail
 A thistle runt ;
 And, wow ! she's given him het kail
 For that affront !

Yet now he's vanish'd like a dream,
 And wi' him taen his 'Greenwich scheme,'
 He's no so bad as he did seem
 To Tory Hive ;
 And had amaist the queerest team
 That man could drive.

One sold our timber and our ships,
 One chopp'd our army up in chips,
 And a' o' them made fasheous slips,
 Nay mair,—I think
 Anither wi' his cranks and quips,
 Cut aff our drink.

Besides, they settled at Geneva,
 (Will our great grandson be believer ?)
 That 'Uncle Sam' should be receiver
 O' one third more
 Than he himself, (the gay deceiver,)
 Found claimants for.

They flew ding-dong at a' our laws !
 But God be thankit for the clause

O' Forster's Act that gart them pause
And stamp and rair !
Instead o' precious sweet applause
They gat a scare.

So straight dissolv'd,—and did not fail
To promise on the largest scale ;
But thanks to those who deal in ale,
High-mettled lads,
They'll point a moral or a tale
For youthful 'Rads.'

Hoot ! a' you chiels that hate the Church,
And wad leave England in the lurch,
For melancholious dirges search,
Puir Gladstone's deid !
And from his ever busy birch
Thank Heaven, we're freed !

Inexhausted Improvements.

FEB^{RY.} 16, 1874.

I
T chanc'd that John Bull gave a notice one day,
(For his land had been used in a scandalous way,) To his tenant Will Gladstone ; and arbiters came To determine what balance sweet William might claim From the incoming tenant, for buildings, and movements, And guano, and such inexhausted improvements.

Derry Down.

The Court was an open one,—such as befits The public encounter of national wits ; For ‘ William,’ accustom'd to servile applause, Determin'd in person to plead his own cause ; And ‘ Ben,’ no wise slack in so smart an affair, With his backers and friends in great spirits was there.

Derry Down.

The first claim advanc'd, and it made the Court stare, Was—‘ for fences demolish'd wherever they were.’ But ‘ Ben’ quickly stopp'd this extravagant strain, For he said—‘ he should have to replace them again.’ So after some sparring the claim was withdrawn, And Gladstone went on to the next—‘ Irish lawn.’

Derry Down.

For Church disestablish'd by process quite new,
 With nothing left now but the light work to do,
 For content scatter'd broad-cast, and Ireland at peace,
 Which blessings must tell in the incoming lease,—
 William Gladstone with modesty tender'd his bill ;—
 But the arbiters found the improvement was—nil !

Derry Down.

Somewhat scar'd by this ruling, he shifted his ground,
 With a ‘hem !’ which implied that their wits were not sound.
 So musing within him what ‘Ayrton’ had done,
 And ‘Childers’ attempted, and ‘Cardwell’ begun,—
 Inexhausted improvements, if any might claim
 A positive right to that popular name.

Derry Down.

He mention'd our Navy, by Childers renew'd
 On an amateur plan that combin'd cheap with rude.
 For by roughing contractors, and wholesale dismission
 Of workmen, and sale of ships not in commission,
 He show'd how ‘John Bull’ was possess'd of a Navy,
 As cheap and as nasty as beef without gravy.

Derry Down.

But the valuers held that the difference lay
 A ‘couple of thousand’ at least t’other way.
 So he popp'd off at once to the ‘licensing Bill,’
 And show'd that he’d harass'd the Victuallers with skill.
 Then he made a large claim on the score that our grocers
 Of sundry sly bottles are now the disposers.

Derry Down.

But the Court stopp'd him there—and remark'd that it thought
Such goods at the ‘publics’ had better be bought.
And charg'd him ‘a thousand’ for positive harm
By ‘meddling and muddling’ done to the farm ;
And next they requested he’d come to the point ;
For as yet they thought everything left out of joint.

Derry Down.

With a confidence borrow'd from Greece at its best,
When Olympian Pericles Athens address'd,
He struck a position, and not to alarm ye,
He pointed his finger and said—‘There’s the Army !’
But the Court shook its head on behalf of the Nation,
And charg'd him ‘five thousand’ for deterioration.

Derry Down.

Now fairly bewilder'd, he mutter'd ‘cock-zounds !’
And mention'd his surplus, ‘six millions of pounds.’
But the Court thought this sum, in the main, to be due
To ‘Commerce,’ with which he had nothing to do.
Though not to seem hard on his parings and shavings,
They bade him take ‘six thousand down’ for his savings.

Derry Down.

Yet in spite of this wind-fall the balance was found
To be as ‘per contra’ just two thousand pound ;
Then he took heart of grace and show'd excellent well
By the cases of ‘Ewelme,’ and ‘Collier,’ and ‘Bell,’
That a Minister might, should the worst come to pass,
Dash through any Act like a bullet through glass.

Derry Down.

For this inexhausted improvement the Court,
Midst cheers allow'd two thousand more, as it ought.
Thus the balance was struck with exceptional skill
When they found there was nothing that came back to Will.
So not to give dullards occasion for scorning,
They gave him a 'monkey,' and wish'd him good morning.

'*Monkey*'—Five hundred pounds.

Samson Agonistes.

NOV^R. 14, 1874.

THOUGH he be grinding in the prison mill,
Blind, and bewilder'd, he is Samson still !

Whether he sport with the 'World's Youth' when gods
Play'd such vile pranks as distanc'd man's by odds ;
Or, deeply dipp'd into Homeric lore,
Stretch the profound until we cry—No more !
Or deal back-handed blow to Country Squire ;
Or knock the Church down, Chancel, Nave, and Spire ;
Or, wisely conscious of the situation,
From Greenwich hustings seek to bribe the Nation ;
Though, for the nonce, his unkemp'd locks be shorn,
And power to slaughter from his hand be torn ;
Though swath'd in sevenfold bands of virgin rope
Struggle the muscles with which few can cope ;
In spite of Delilah's assurance true,
Who dare awake him ? Philistines, do you ?
In every phase of failure, and of ill,
Blind, and bewilder'd, he is Samson still !

Deserted of the flock that once he fed,—
A motley flock, now bleating without head ;

Though they, sweet sheep, roam scatter'd o'er the plain,
And sprightly 'Goschen' hold the crook in vain ;
Though 'Vernon Harcourt' throne in tiresome state,
And 'Forster' teach with none to educate ;
Though 'Selborne,' for the present, leave the fight,
To commune with the shade of 'Gilbert White ;'
And 'Bright' (become a Tory in his heart,)—
In spite of every hint decline his part ;—
Though courtly 'Sydney' sighing yield his place,
And happy 'Hartington' retire to race ;—
Indomitable, stormy, confident,
Vers'd in the puzzles Casuists invent,
And every Council from 'Constance' to 'Trent' ;
Their late Commander cannot brook repose ;
But shakes the mountains with a Titan's throes :
Hits on a theme to galvanise men's souls ;
And challenges 'the Pope' to play at bowls.
Priestcraft may frown, and critics carp their fill ;
Blind, and bewilder'd, he is 'Samson' still !

As 'Manoah's son,' the Hebrews' mightiest Judge,
Became a piteous show and miller's drudge ;
So he that us'd the planets to unsphere
Sinks to the bathos of a pamphleteer ;
Alarm'd at length,—reveals Rome's latest tricks,—
And publishes his thoughts at 'two and six.'
As he that whilom brought high deeds to pass
With the new jaw-bone of a 'thriftless ass,'
Or cunningly devis'd a harvest's ruin
With firebrands, foxes' tails in pairs pursuing ;

Or waking from his nap, at midnight's fall
Went off with 'Gaza's' doors—posts, bar, and all.
So, did this Samson of a modern day
Redress,—what he call'd wrongs, in scornful way ;
Till confident o'ermuch,—perhaps betray'd,
With head on lap of Greenwich fondly laid,
He woke to find himself bound hard and fast ;
A Nazarite no more, and shav'd at last.
Yet, though he grind awhile in prison mill,
His hair may grow again !—He's Samson still !

The feast is set,—for evening cloth'd in grey
Lengthens the shadows of an eastern day,
And seaward glitter Ashdod's haughty towers,
Fir'd by the parting light with golden showers.
The pick of all the Philistines is there !
Warriors and statesmen, lords, and ladies fair !
From 'Ashdod' his abode, and from 'Ekron,'
From 'Gath,' and 'Gaza,' and from 'Askelon ;'
'Dagon' had summon'd all his hosts—to see
The poor estate of their great enemy.
Loud rose the din of revel and of song !
The jests were insolent,—the laughter long.
Triumph sat nodding on each chieftain's brow !—
To make them sport, they call for 'Samson' now.
Led by the hand he comes ;—his aimless stride
Following the foot-steps of the boy his guide.
Awhile he rests him by the pillars twain
That lift the godless fabric from the plain ;
He feels them now—and while his tyrants spurn
The muzzled giant, feels his heart return.

He bows himself in vengeance,—for at length
In ten-fold mastery bursts forth his strength ;
The pillars bend and break !—cave in the walls !—
And with the crash of doom the temple falls.
Beneath a quarryful of marble lie
Three thousand sceptics who had guess'd awry !

MORAL.

Shorn of his locks and baffled of his will,
Let no man stir him !—he is ‘ Samson ’ still !

Purple versus Grey.

APRIL 5, 1876.

GOOD people of England attend to my lay,
 Which treats of the purple compar'd with the grey ;
 And plainly declares that all facts are a farce,
 When seen through the lens of a strong party-glass.

When first the proposal in round terms was broach'd,
 (Ere the Country was stump'd, and the malcontents coach'd,)
 All parties appear'd to approve of the claim,
 But each in its turn wish'd to give it a name.

Then the Demon of Discord arose on the blast ;
 'The Telegraph' trembled, 'the Times' was aghast ;
 And 'Gladstone' put on his 'cothurni,' and 'Lowe'
 Had a dream of an Empire without 'quid pro quo !'

And every one thought it behov'd him to say
 Whatever, perchance, might apply either way ;
 For nothing's so safe as to give a suggestion
 When your verdict's not ask'd on the subject in question.

Some simper'd in Latin, some drivell'd in Greek,
 'Orientals' look'd big,—and e'en school-girls would speak !
 But no one suggested by far the best name,
 For 'Old Noll's' buff jerkin had tarnish'd its fame.

'Protector!—a word such as 'Shaftesbury' might,
On certain occasions, accept as all right;
Though his autocrat self did not chance to invent it;—
A reason, with him, quite enough to prevent it.

But whence comes this Giant no precedents claim?
This power—strong as Death—yet in want of a name?
Who rules as no Conq'ror before him has done?
His hands are a thousand!—his plighted word one.

There were merchants in India!—(and here be it said,
Though they nurs'd him in grey we will keep him in red!
Whose servants impos'd him on rapine and sloth,
And prudence and fortune have foster'd his growth.

If his be not Empire, 'Iskender's' was none!
As well might you grudge his right name to the Sun.
And the purple he'll wear from this fortunate day,
Is his own, and shall be, let whoever gainsay!

The Situation.

'MORNING POST,' SEPT^{ER}. 29, 1876.

'Difficile est proprie communia dicere.'

If cynics sought to gauge the Situation
 By every test but ratiocination,
 They've got for 'sixpence' now the method handy,
 By one notorious for his 'copia fandi.'

With busy brain that spurns the gathering rust
 Of slow old age, and selfishness a-dust,
 Reckless, inconsequent, he still pursues
 His dismal round of pamphlets and reviews.
 Impulsive, captious, great and small by turns,
 Now leading Senates, and now cheap'ning urns,
 Here moving mountains, there a small debater
 Of pins'-head texts, and late in life 'Pope-hater,'
 Anon above the spheres he wildly soars ;
 Then sinks to Greenwich meetings out of doors ;
 Snatches the reins from Hartington, and when
 The team's run riot hands them back again.
 For these sad times a most disastrous nurse,
 Who finds things very bad, and leaves them worse.
 Without an aim, a party, or a plan,
 Does Hanwell's pile conceal a greater man ?

What shall we liken him to with dish and toll?
Try vagrant Belisarius with his bowl,
And 'date obolum,' in cadger's guise,
To heroes, and their 'Murrays' penny-wise.
A balder venture of disjointed chat
Ne'er sold for eighteen pence—and dear at that.
Still, who dar'd say that one who once could stir
The trembling spheres, and nod like Jupiter,
Should in a maund'ring moment twaddle down
To bind round 'Pears's' brow the civic crown ;
Or overmuch an advocate forsooth
Quote 'Schuyler's' Yankee glosses for the truth.

But shall this restless swain on curt pretence,
Lop down our native store of common sense ?
Because his stiff'ning sinews ill agree
With idle hours? 'Oh woodman, spare that tree !'
Why did'st thou fling the pack in Greenwich face,
And in a fury give up power and place,
Make seatless Solons unforewarn'd to groan
Astound the Country and amaze the Throne ;
If in a jifsey, with hey ! presto ! crack !
In fresh 'avatar' we must have thee back ?
Nor does it soothe our ruffled nerves the while,
To hear thy ditties chaunted by 'Argyll,'
'Harcourt,' and 'Lowe,' with all the nasal tact
For which they're famous. Will it not re-act
On brains unsodden by the reek of mobs,
And not dispos'd to favour fresh Whig jobs ?
Till quite appall'd by horror and ferocity
The tongue ask feebly—'Which is the atrocity ?'

But what in truth, great plotter, is thine aim ?
 Surely, 'tis not to further Russia's game,
 And make of every Government a lie
 That does not live and move by public cry ?
 Such arrant nonsense even fools would quiz it ;
 Yet, if it be not this, i'faith, what is it ?
 'Tis easy said !—but prithee are the Turks
 As lightly swept away as boys' mud-works ?
 Will Asia's hundred tribes, like Jordan's wave,
 At once roll back, and make themselves a grave ?
 Leaving to ' Messrs. Gladstone, Czar, and Co.,'
 Ruin'd and rank the lands where now they flow.
 'Gaultier sans avoir' and the 'Hermit Peter'
 Struck on this rock ; shall your work be completer ?
 Then shall the 'Walters' of this New Crusade
 The vulgar test of common sense evade ?
 For well-weighed truths pretentious horrors sell,
 And for a reason substitute a yell ?
 Thrilling sensations their distemper'd aim,
 And for their foes, a sweeping score of blame.

Pray what are these Bulgarian lambs and martyrs ?
 A mongrel race, a Christian sort of Tartars !
 Who, prompted by much Russia and some gold,
 Have gone to market and themselves been sold.

'*Gaultier sans avoir.*' Otherwise 'Walter the penniless.' He was the military Leader of the 'First Crusade ;' and no wonder he failed. His intention, viz. (to take possession of other people's lands without means proportionable) might be good in itself, but in the language of 'The Ring' one would hardly take odds ; much less lay 'six to four' on him.

But, had success upon their banners hung,
'Pears' had ne'er trumpeted, nor 'Gladstone' sung.
On them 'the Master's precept' has been lost ;—
'Go not to war before you count the cost.'

Some folk who more than once have fail'd when tried,
Restor'd to private life see far and wide.
'Responsibility's' a wondrous clog !
But 'Opposition's' ever a good dog !
Free'd from a score of rusty obligations,
(Which two years since he thought should govern Nations),
Behold the patriot, out upon a job !
Guest of the great, but idol of the mob.
Then, England, pause to think, nor fan the blaze
Of this wild meteor with the lurid haze !
This Comet sent in eighteen-seventy-six,
To fire the firmament of politics.
'Tis not enough to say—'These things shall be !'
Many must yield,—and many more agree,
Ere peace returning fill the World with smiles ;
And evil lurk but in stock-jobber's wiles.
He too perhaps may prove the better man,
Who does not all he would, but what he can.

This is what The Earl of Beaconsfield did, in the Treaty of Berlin,
1878.

In Philippum.

'MORNING POST.' JULY 14, 1877.

'Go up to Ramoth-Gilead and prosper : for the Lord shall deliver it into the hand of the king.'—*1st Book of Kings.*

WHEN first the second of the giant brood,
 'Fenrir,' came forth, he seem'd so mild and good,
 The 'Gods of Asgard' took him to their Court
 To frisk and gambol and to make them sport ;
 But 'Lok's' fierce nature fester'd in his veins ;
 He grew, he ramp'd, he burst like straws his chains ;
 'All-Father's' self was powerless in his hall ;
 He maim'd his keeper, and he scar'd them all.
 Bound after three essays, he growls disdain,
 Till 'Ragnarok' shall free his jaws again.

So did the might of England and of France
 Blunt for a season the wild Cossack lance,
 And force the Wolf of Russia, in dismay,
 On Polish entrails for a while to prey ;

'*Fenrir.*' 'The Wolf,' that is to devour the World. He was the second of the children of 'Loki' and the Giantess his Witch-wife. Born at a birth with 'Jormandgund,' the serpent that encircles the World, and 'Hela' mistress of the Shades, he was harmless enough at first.

'*All-Father's self.*' The title of 'Odin' King of the 'Æsir' and founder of the city of 'Asgard.'

'*Ragnarok.*' The twilight of the Gods. When this complication arrives, 'Fenrir' will burst his dwarf-made chain and the present condition of the World will be exchanged for another.

Till time—that all precaution underlies,
That prompts the rash, and often foils the wise,—
Roll'd o'er the scene a whirlwind of mistrust,
And smother'd treaties in their own small dust.

Forth with a bound the ‘Czar-ish Fenrir’ springs,
In all the brazen panoply of kings ;
Professions, promises to every Nation,
Sighs of regret, and vows of moderation ;
Appeals to God,—(if ’twere not sad, ’twere funny !)
And fishing pleas to folk to lend him money ;
Intrigues in every Court, bribes, swagger, spies,
And last, not least, an arsenal of lies.

Attend, ye Britons ! Let no silver tongue,
Though ‘Gladstone’s’ self should wag it,—lead you wrong !
In spite of every subterfuge and cry,
Nam’d from ‘Panslavism’ or ‘atrocities’ ;
In spite of all the twaddle of ‘the Times,’
For which no satire can find English rhymes ;
Your common sense, your instincts sound and true,
Will ever measure men by what they do ;
And stubbornly refuse to back his cause,
Who keeps no promise, and who breaks all laws.
Weigh well this strife ! these rumours far and near,
With men’s hearts failing them for doubt and fear ;
All ‘Gog and Magog’s’ myriads loos’d at large,
And ‘Armageddon’s’ trumpets sounding charge !
Why ? Because slaves in arms work one man’s will ;
And ‘Peter’s roguish testament’ lives still.

While ‘Ahab’s’ Prophets in one burst combine,
 And some in England join the courtly whine ;—
 ‘Go up and prosper ! Break with iron rod
 The bones of Nations in the name of God !

But, is no ‘lying spirit’ lurking there,
 To plot destruction, and to lime the snare ?
 Is there no peril in this noisy cry,
 These blasphemous appeals to God on high,
 To prosper rapine and endorse the claim
 Of greedy conquest with his own great name ?

Nature’s fix’d laws throughout the World are felt !
 In contact with the cornfields glaciers melt.
 The sweltering fen breeds plague and poison still.
 The ‘Danube’ is a river, not a rill.
 Without a ‘commissariat’ none can fight ;
 Though ‘Gladstone’s self’ should dub him—‘Christian Knight.’
 Strong-holds with prudence chosen who shall mask ?
 Or force ‘the Balkans’ for a school-boy’s task ?
 Winter’s imperious summons who can stay,
 As Joshua the Sun, e’en for a day ?
 Or crush their spirit in a stricken field,
 Whom ‘Grandam Europe’ could not force to yield ?
 Folks who stripp’d bare of lies ‘Ignatief’s’ claim,
 And now, (without a friend !) choose death not shame.

What then has driv’n the Nations, one and all,
 To pant for plunder, or to fear a fall ?
 Myriads in costly arms, and wealth’s increase,
 The pois’rous fungi of a hollow Peace,

That surely saps the vitals of a State ;
And scares with ghosts the slumbers of the great !

Oh Tyranny ! thou curst of God and man,
Since ‘Nimrod’s’ craze for Empire first began !
Ever collapsing, but recurring still ;
The costliest plague that ever work’d man’s ill !
See ‘Xerxes’ flying from his golden throne ;
And ‘Nero’ choking in his gore alone ;
‘Napoleon’ fretting o’er his fallen star,
Undignified in death ;—and be a Czar !
They’ve drawn them lots for the old Tiger’s skin,
And settled how, and when, and where to win ;
And some are taking credit over-night,
For the net value of to-morrow’s fight.
‘Catherine’s’ great-grandson comes in Christian style
With his chief backers, ‘Gladstone’ and ‘Argyll’ ;
Proclaims himself a lamb with bated breath ;—
And slips at once the bloody hounds of death.
Borne by the Northern Wolf in vain we look
For the mild succour of the Shepherd’s crook.
But are the Prophets one and all turn’d blind ?
Are there no warnings in the Southern wind ?
The day of specious hypocrites is past ;
And dread realities wax thick and fast.
For what’s ‘Panslavism ?’ where all are slaves !
And none are free but Patriots in their graves !
And what’s ‘Autonomy ?’ a phrase run mad !
With explanations ever to be had
Direct from ‘Gortschakoff,’ and kept in store
To puzzle Europe at a pinch, once more.

Yet, in this news wherewith the welkin rings,
The consternation and the fall of kings,
Some crumbs of comfort at odd times appear.
The ‘Turks’ are stubborn, and the winter’s near.
From ‘Lesser Asia’ ‘Melikoff’ is fled ;
‘Armenia’s’ vultures sated with his dead.
On either side of rolling ‘Danube’s’ shore,
One shaky bridge sends all the ‘Russians’ o'er ;
One paltry railroad gives them daily food,
While none but vex'd ‘Bulgarians’ wish them good.
And sooth to say your ‘Panslavistic’ hosts
Are weak enough when measur'd by their boasts.
Thus locusts only by their numbers scare ;
Till the West Wind arise and free the air.

Then go to ‘Ramoth Gilead’ in thy might !
Marshal thine armies and turn wrong to right !
Go with thy Prophets, Czar ! and prosper too,
As sure as the ‘Almighty’ speaks in you !
But should ‘a lying spirit’ after all,
Direct another ‘Ahab’ to his fall ;
Hope not that ‘chuckling Bismarck’ will wear crape,
Or lend a hand to free thee from this scrape !—
No ! he will bluntly indicate thy part ;—
A splendid funeral and a broken heart.
For if at last, without a dupe or friend,
The lawless dynasty of ‘Peter’ end,
In decent black thine obsequies he'll grace ;
Console thy mourners,—and usurp thy place !

The Portrait.

MAY 16, 1879.

WHAT has he smote ? Not Beaconsfield ! What then ?

Is it the British oak ?

Or is some china broke ?

Or has he lost the pen

That writ his post-cards, and proclaimed to men

Those great proclivities to small narration,

Which pleased so many gossips in this nation ?

Or is he thinking of his promised prank

In Scotland, that he looks so glum and blank ?

Those 'lyart haffets,' too, are thin and bare !

England ! thy Samson is the worse for wear.

Poor man ! a little rest might set him up—

A friendly dinner and a chirping cup ;

Not his own claret—that would work his fall,

Defy the doctor, and confound us all.

GREVILLIANA;

OR,

NEW WAX FOR OLD COBBLERS.

'The coxcomb bird, so talkative and grave,
That from his cage cries Cuckold, Jade, and Knave,
Though many a passenger he rightly call,
You hold him no philosopher at all.'

POPE's *Moral Essays*, Epist. 1, Line 5.

'Pastilos Reeillus olet, Grevillius hircum.'

HOR. I., Book 2, Line 27.

WRITTEN BETWEEN THE YEARS 1850 AND 1875.

JAN^{RY}. 25.

GREVILLIANA.

‘A Chiel’s amang you takin’ notes,
And, Reeve, he’ll prent ‘em.’

THE first part was probably written about the date of 1850—possibly earlier; and published in a Newspaper of the day; but in spite of all my researches, I can neither tell its name, nor the date correctly.

Upon the appearance of ‘Greville’s Journal’ in the ‘Morning Post,’ I received the following letter from The Right Hon^{ble}. Benjamin Disraeli, now Earl of Beaconsfield, in which it will be seen that the title of ‘Grevilliana’ was first suggested:—

2 Whitehall Gardens, Nov^r. 2, 1874.

MY DEAR WINCHILSEA,

I have read your Grevilliana, this morning, with infinite pleasure. We have had nothing so good since Luttrell.

Yours sincerely,

D.

I cannot resist the pleasure of publishing that which I hold to be a genuine compliment, from a man so confessedly competent to give a judgment, and usually so chary of his words.

I feel as proud as if James Robinson had said to me—‘You rode that race well!'

I was early acquainted with Mr. Greville’s intention of leaving his Journals for posthumous publication. Neither did I make a secret of my intention, if they chanced to appear in my lifetime, to do my best to counteract their poison. I was not, I admit, prepared for its amount and violence, nor for the small stock of discretion shown by the Editor in the performance of his duties; but I knew quite enough to make me feel assured that one day there would be an Augæan stable left to cleanse.

Greville.

GREVILLE'S freaks invite my song,
 Greville, ever in the wrong !
 Ever plotting, ever peddling,
 Master of all sorts of meddling.
 Doth a Lady make a trip
 In morality or Scrip ?
 Is a balance to be paid up,
 Or a quarrel to be made up ?
 Is a point to be decided
 For the which no law's provided ?
 Doth a husband, (wicked wight,)
 Stay out very late at night ?
 Is a fusion come in vogue
 'Twixt 'Count Noodle' and 'Duke Rogue ?'
 Is the 'Coalition' tumbling ?
 Are the Daily Papers grumbling ?
 Is a note to be convey'd
 Without bustle or parade,
 To the 'Times,' the Czar, or Devil ?—
 Ring the bell, and send for Greville !

Greville's Journal.

OCT^R. 31, 1874.

GREVILLE'S Journal bids me sing ;
 Greville, hard on everything.
 Church and State and Queen and King !
 Scavenger of every tale
 That can fill his empty pail.
 Hard upon The Duke of York ;
 (Hates his Master and his work ;)
 Him nor Duke nor Duchess please ;
 (Did her lap-dogs give him fleas ?)
 Hard on State-craft and its ends ;
 Ten-fold harder on his friends ;

'Church and State.'

'The most agreeable event, if it turn out to be true, is the defection of 'Dr. Philpots,' whose conduct and that of others will probably not be without its effect in sapping the foundations of the Church.' Vol. I. p. 163.

'Lap-dogs give him fleas ?'

'Her dogs (the Duchess of York's) are her greatest interest and amusement, and she has at least forty of various kinds.' Vol. I. p. 6.

If Charles Greville had been entrusted with the feeding of them, il était à parier, that he would have pick'd out all the best bits for himself.

Compound of remorse and pelf,
Greville's hardest on himself.

Greville eats at many a table,
Manages a Ducal Stable ;
Greville whists, and Greville bets,
Moralises then, and frets.

'Greville's hardest on himself.'

'Ever since the Derby ill fortune has pursued me, and I cannot win anywhere. Play is a detestable occupation; it absorbs all our thoughts and renders us unfit for any thing else in life.' Vol. I. p. 20.

'I am ready to cry with vexation when I think of my mis-spent life.' Vol. III. p. 128.

'Nothing but racing and hawking; a wretched life!—that is a life of amusement, but very unprofitable and discreditable to any one who can do better things.' Vol. II. p. 368.

If what Mr. Greville means by 'better things' be—writing his Journal and meddling with everybody else's business, I am not sure that he was not, after all, better employed in 'hawking and racing.' It is a curious, but undoubted fact, that Mr. Greville was notoriously what is call'd—a bad judge of a horse. In the stable he could not distinguish between one of his own yearlings, and a five-year-old horse; and but for the direct information of 'trials' which he insisted upon knowing, (whether his own or other people's) he would have cut as sorry a figure at Tattersall's as his 'best friend' could have desir'd.

'I have publish'd a little pamphlet to help them (The Wellingtonians), but as I never put my name to my pamphlets of course nobody reads them.'

The true key to that which appears to Mr. Greville an enigma, may be found in the fact that they (the pamphlets) were exceeding heavy and tiresome.

'Greville eats at many a table.'

'The dinner (at the Duke of York's) very bad, because the Cook is out of humour. The evening pass'd off heavily.' Vol. I. p. 8.

'Manages a Ducal Stable.'

'Yesterday the Duke of York propos'd to me to take the management of his horses, which I accepted.' Vol. I. p. 44.

Greville proses, Greville races ;
 Gets a leash of patent places ;
 Petted, trusted from above,
 Greville is the fool of Love !

To 'De Ros' he went one while,
 Told the Lady's name and style ;
 Bade him offer hand and purse
 At her feet, for weal or worse.
 Straight arriv'd the Plenipo ;—
 But the fair one answer'd—'No !'
 Charles said, pulling a long face,
 'Was it money, birth, or place ?
 What, my friend, was her aversion ?'
 'Twas not your purse, it was your person !'

Quite upset by this disaster,
 Far beyond the reach of plaster ;

'Gets a leash of patent places.'

'I have experienced a great proof of the vanity of human wishes. In the course of three weeks, I have attained the three things I most desired in the World for years past ; (these were the Clerkship of the Council, of which he made so bad a use, and the two sinecures in Jamaica he was so afraid of losing;) and upon the whole I do not find my happiness increased. Perhaps, if it were not for one cause it might be; but until that ceases, it is in vain that I acquire every other advantage, and possess the means of amusement.' Vol. I. p. 44.

'Greville is the fool of Love.' It is very well for Mr. Reeve to profess ignorance of what this cause was, but every one else knows it. It was a marriage with Miss Stanhope, to whom he proposed through 'Henry De Ros,' and met with a flat refusal.

She afterwards married Charles FitzRoy, third Lord Southampton.

Hating, frowning, grunching, growling,
 Against all and sundry howling.
 Greville sets his joyless face
 Versus all the human race.

'Statesmen all,' he says, 'are bad !'
 'Most of them,' he thinks, 'are mad.'
 'Wellington's no politician !'
 'Peel's, at best, a shrewd tactician !'

'Most of them, he thinks, are mad.'

'The Chancellor said to me—'The King is mad !' Vol. I. p. 246.

'Wilkie appears stern, and might pass for mad.' Vol. I. p. 281.

'The maddest thing of all is the Peerage conferred by William on Baroness Wenman, a disreputable half-mad woman that he at one time wanted to marry.' Vol. III. p. 84.

'The Tory Lords are rabid.' Vol. III. p. 16.

'Such a miserable apology for their (the Whigs') insane violence puts reason and argument out of the question.' Vol. III. p. 192.

'Wellington's no politician.'

'The Duke is a great man in little things, but a little man in great things—I mean in civil affairs. His mind has not been sufficiently disciplined nor saturated with knowledge and communication with other minds, to enable him to be a safe and efficient leader in such times as these.' Vol. II. p. 205.

To this is tacked on later, the result of what Mr. Greville calls 'comparison.'

'I am compelled to ask myself whether I did not then do him an injustice? On the whole I think not.' Vol. II. p. 204.

The Duke, poor man! being weighed, for the second time, in 'the Grevillian Balance,' is found wanting; and his character dismissed with an Olympian Stet!

'Peel's, at best, a shrewd tactician.'

'The leading principles of Peel's political conduct have been constantly erroneous, and his dexterity and ability in supporting them have only made the consequences of his errors more extensively pernicious.' Vol. II. p. 355.

Stanley trifles, Althorp blunders ;
 Grey and Brougham are paltry wonders.
 Weak the first is, and the latter
 Ten times madder than 'a hatter.'
 Palmerston's an idle dog ;
 (No more manners than a hog ;)

'Stanley trifles.'

'Who would believe they beheld the orator and statesman, only second, if second, to Peel in the House of Commons, and on whom the destiny of the Country perhaps depends? There he was, as if he had no thoughts but for the Turf, full of horses, interest in the lottery, eager, blunt, noisy and good-humoured, 'has meditans NUGAS et totus in illis.' Vol. II. p. 374.

I cry you pardon, Mess^{rs}. Greville and Reeve! Horace wrote—
'nugarum'—as you might have seen by referring to the text.

What a smatterer these Journals show Mr. Greville to have been, and so dull too. To alter another line, (since quoting is the order of the day,) we may call Mr. Greville—*'Vir sine pietate gravis.'* Why does not 'Mr. Reeve,' in whom Mr. Greville trusted, at least correct such manifest blunders? Can it be that he too is as ignorant of the Latin Language as his principal?

'Althorp blunders.'

'Every body talking yesterday of Althorp's exhibition in the House of Commons the night before. What a strange medley politics produce! A wretched Clerk in an Office who makes some unimportant blunder is got rid of, and here is a man more of a grazier than a statesman, who blurts out his utter ignorance before a Reform'd Parliament, and people lift up their eyes, and shrug their shoulders, and laugh and chuckle, and still on he goes.' Vol. III. p. 3.

'Grey and Brougham are paltry wonders.'

'It is very extraordinary that Earl Grey should unite so much oratorical and Parliamentary power with such weakness of character. He is a long way from a great man altogether.' Vol. III. p. 2.

'Brougham was at his tricks again, lying and shuffling, false and then insolent, and all for no discernible end.' Vol. III. p. 233.

'The Duke of Buckingham was coarse, the Chancellor rabid.' Vol. III. p. 134.

'Melbourne seem'd not a little struck when I said, there was a taint of insanity in the Chancellor.' Vol. III. p. 137.

But a dog there's no deceiving,
Even through the Princess Lieven.
Lyndhurst's weighty in attack ;
With no party at his back.
Somehow Tory Lords will look
From the Lawyer to 'the Duke.'
Melbourne's careless and delightful,
Lord John's plucky, and Brougham frightful.
Graham's empty, Wharncliffe solid,
Great Macaulay's face is stolid.
Talleyrand speaks from his heels ;
(Hard to catch what he reveals !)
Luttrell sparkles, Holland shines
As most folks do, where one dines.
Tory Lords are dolts and pigs,
Asses only capp'd by Whigs.
Councils are the very Devil,
Since no longer rul'd by Greville.
Worthy of the quarter-deck,
William's jokes no frown can check.
Parties their own greed pursuing
Gallop on the road to ruin.

'Great Macaulay's face is stolid.'

'Macaulay's figure is short, fat, and ungraceful ; with a round thick unmeaning face, and a lisp.' Vol. III. p. 338.

'Macaulay's figure and face are all bad !' Vol. III. p. 35.

'Talleyrand speaks from his heels.'

'I sat by 'Talleyrand' at dinner, who told me a great deal about 'Mirabeau ;' but as he had a bad cold in addition to his usual habit of pumping words from the bottomest pit of his stomach, it was next to impossible to understand him.' Vol. II. p. 384.

Ministers are in a fright ;—
 Though they shivering shout, ‘All’s right !’
 Twittering in their boots they see
 Dan O’Connell’s mastery.
 And the Future’s not Elysian !
 Lords and Commons in collision,
 War abroad and hate at home,
 Tottering thrones, and ‘kingdom come !’
 ‘Tis indeed as prime a dish
 As a Communist could wish.’

So Thersites once at Troy
 Wrought the Grecians much annoy ;
 (Unless Father Homer lies,—)
 Though he was of dwarfish size ;
 Scolding, fleering, misbehaving,
 All the kings and chieftains braving,
 Till Ulysses wisely rose
 And belabour’d him with blows.

Not content with denigration
 Of all the leaders of the Nation,
 Greville gloats o'er private scandals
 With a gravity like Handel’s :
 Of cynic gossip quotes his fill ;
 Tells it all—and tells it ill !
 Meantime into the trash he pokes
 Stories stale as his own jokes ;

‘Stories stale as his own jokes.’

‘Lady Aldborough came in the evening and flew up to him (Marshal Soult) with—‘Ah ! mon cher ! embrassez moi !’ And so, after escaping the

Bon-mots sorely out of point,
 Lacking neatness, pith and point ;
 Such as make one sigh and think
 On the waste of printers' ink.
 Twaddling prose and maudlin verse ;
 The Town-Crier speaks none worse.
 Is this the journal of the Prophet ?
 If so, Reeve, print no more of it !

cannon's mouth at Paris, he was obliged to face the cannon's mouth here !'
 Vol. II. p. 38.

Burning of the Opera House.

'I trust that the paraphernalia of the beef-steak Club perished with the rest, for the enmity I bear that Society for the dinner they gave me last year.' Vol. I. p. 77.

'*Maudlin verse.*' His worst enemies or his best friends (for they are apparently convertible terms) could hardly hope to find anything choicer, to whet their teeth upon, than Mr. Greville's verses.

'MACAO.

'The welcome summons heard, around the board
 Each takes his seat, and counts his ivory hoard.'

How can it be a hoard if it has just been purchased to gamble with?
 But great men and little poets seldom stick at trifles !

'The fickle Goddess heard one half the prayer,
 The rest was melted into empty air.'

Poor cribbing from Pope's '*Rape of the Lock.*'

This is one of the truest things that I can hit on in the dreary waste of Mr. Greville's Journals.

'Though not a spark of true poetic fire
 Beam'd at my birth or on my cradle fell.' Vol. I. p. 361.

On this we are all agreed.

THIRD PART.

GREVILLE BE-REEV'D.

‘Dolnere cruento
Dente lacesitti.’
HOR. *Epist.* Book II. Lines 151, 152.

‘I impeach Mr. Greville in great things as well as little, living and dead ; the Journals that have been publish'd, and the Journals that are yet to come ; the bread that he ate and the wine that he drank at other peoples' houses, the spite of his every-day remarks, and the malice of his evening reflections ; I impeach him sleeping and waking, touting, and pimping, meddling, and betraying ; and I impeach the very stones of his monument should a friend be rash enough to give him one.’

The challenge by Don Diego Ordonez to the Governor and people of Zamora for harbouring the traitor Vellido, who assassinated the King Don Sancho of Castile, is here alter'd to suit the occasion. From the *Chronicle of the Cid Campeador*, by Robert Southey. Book III. chapr. II.

‘Sir ! He (Bolingbroke) was a scoundrel and a coward ; a scoundrel for charging a blunderbuss against religion and morality ; a coward because he had no resolution to fire it himself, but left half a crown to a beggarly Scotchman (Mallet) to draw the trigger after his death.’—*Boswell's Life of Johnson*. Murray's Edition. 1835. Vol. II. p. 15.

Greville Be-Reev'd.

'A Squire he had whose name was Rali,
That in th' adventure went his half.'

Hudibras, Book I.

GENIUS of Charles Greville's lamp,
Loos'd post-mortem on the tramp!
I must have a word with thee!
Hocus-pocus daunts not me.

'*Hocus-pocus daunts not me.*' 'Mr. Greville' remarks :—
'A Journal to be good, and true, and interesting, should be the transcript
of a mind that will bear transcribing.' Preface.

I wonder whether 'Mr. Greville' would have considered 'these Journals' as answering to his own description, had they been placed before him as the handiwork of another.

'The two leading qualities in 'Mr. Greville's' mind were a love of truth and justice.' Preface, page 8.

Marry, come up 'Mr. Reeve!' You could hardly have ventured on a statement more likely to be discussed ; or showing, that however long the period may have been during which 'Mr. Reeve' was acquainted with 'Mr. Greville,' he, 'Mr. Reeve,' had seen but the holiday side of him. Now I, who knew Mr. Greville long before Mr. Reeve, and have seen and studied him under circumstances of which Mr. Reeve must necessarily be entirely ignorant, (for what are the twenty-five years Mr. Reeve describes as the length of his own tether, to the thirty-five or forty to which I can refer?) have come to altogether a contradictory conclusion.

'Mr. Greville' had no special regard for truth. Nay more, he was at any time most conveniently prepared to disregard it, when it stood in the way of his own interests, passions, or cupidity. I speak from

Neither voice nor hideous shape ;—
 Come as giant ! come as ape !
 Come with hair of any brute !
 Come as Greville's substitute !
 I will ask thee questions many ;
 Canst thou truly answer any ?
 In the Court of Public taste
 (Conscience were indeed misplac'd),
 Listen to indictment grave ;
 Thou fiduciary slave !

CRIER.

' Oh ! yes ! Oh, yes !
 Hear all and sundry ! you good people,
 Who know a shot-tower from a steeple ;

positive knowledge, and with overwhelming proof at my command, were I challenged to produce it.

Neither can 'Mr. Greville' be said (with any show of correctness) to have been 'a just man ;' for he always consulted his own interests in the first place, and then worked for his friends with an enthusiasm proportion'd to the badness of their cause. In short (like an able but unscrupulous advocate) he put all his power into the scale of wrong, and moreover it always seemed as if he did it advisedly.

This curious moral obliquity of vision so grew upon him at last, that it became part of his idiosyncracy ; and furnished his friends (or at least the people who might have been his friends) with a standing dish of jokes and titter. 'Mr. Reeve' could hardly be ignorant of this, if he had lived, (which he did not,) in the Society most competent to form a correct judgment of the true character of his idol.

'I have sought to publish nothing which could give pain or annoyance to persons still alive.' 'Reeve's' Preface, page 9.

This is a strange statement ! The three volumes you have published contradict you ; and yet you promise to write on.

And wisely guess that Peace don't flow
 Infallibly from 'Pope Nono !'
 For 'tis to such we make appeal
 As soundly judge, and rightly feel.

INDICTMENT.

'Inasmuch as 'Henry Reeve'
 Did a certain book receive,
 Quite unfit for publication ;
 And forgetting his high station,
 Did—by prompting of the Devil,
 Or—(what's much the same thing) Greville,
 Knowingly, and wittingly,
 Utter filth and ribaldry ;
 'Gainst the peace—(whate'er that mean),
 Of our Sovereign Dame The Queen ;
 And what Crown and dignity
 Reforms have left her—(by-the-bye);
 And did—in editing a hog,
 Prove himself a shallow dog ;
 Giving English a foul wrench,
 And entirely spoiling French ;

'Giving English a foul wrench.'

'I said to Esterhazy—you *will* blow this business over, *sha'nt* you ?
 Vol. II. page 80.

'If Canning *was* alive now.' Vol. II. p. 42.

'If the House of Commons like animals that have once tasted blood
 ever *exercises* such power as this it will never rest till it *has* acquir'd,' &c.
 Vol. II. p. 361.

Do 'Mr. Greville' and 'Mr. Reeve' both forget that the word 'if'
 does not govern the indicative ?

'An Indian whose boat was moor'd to the shore was making love to the

And did from Kearsley steal the glory
 Of a certain famous story ;
 Besides bemuddling and bemelling
 Several others in the telling ;
 And did lately print the same ;—
 Without any fear of shame.
 Let him now hold up his hand
 In the dock where he doth stand ;
 And show cause by yea, and nay,
 Why he should escape this day.

wife of another Indian ; the husband came upon them unawares ; *he* jump'd into the boat when the *other* cut the cords, and before *he* could seize the paddle was already in the rapids ; (which of them was it ?) *He* exerted all his force to extricate himself from peril, but finding his efforts vain, &c. &c. Vol. I. p. ,8.

Now, can any one say, whether it be the husband or the lover to which this string of *He's* applies ?

'And did from Kearsley steal the glory.' 'Mr. Reeve' says in a note referring to 'Peter Paul Methuen, M.P. for Wiltshire,' —

'It was to him that 'O'Connell' made the memorable retort :—'Paul ! Paul ! why persecutest thou me ?' Vol. III. p. 65.

Now, (as all the world but 'Messrs. Greville and Reeve' well knew) it was not 'O'Connell' but 'Kearsley' the Member for Wigan, who made this, the best retort, probably, that was ever utter'd within the walls of the House of Commons. It convulsed the House with laughter for a longer space than had ever been known to be the run of a Parliamentary joke.

'Kearsley' (who was a diamond in the rough) said later on, very nearly as good a thing on the hustings at Wigan, to his opponent 'Mr. Standish' who (in the slang of the day,) professed himself 'ready to go the whole hog.'

'My honourable opponent,' said he, 'says, he will go the whole hog.' I can readily believe it, for he looks it too.' There was an accuracy in the criticism that showed what a ready wit Kearsley had ; and from that moment, no one could listen to 'Standish' without thinking of 'Kearsley.'

Reeve Henry ! I like not thy chance !
God grant thee good deliverance !'

THE ATTORNEY GENERAL (SIR PLAYFUL PLATITUDE).

' M'Lud ! and gentlemen of the Jury !
I shall be brief, I do assure ye.
This 'Henry Reeve,' on base pretence
That none are guilty of offence
Who do not write,—but only edit,—
Has plac'd to one 'Charles Greville's' credit
A book of pestilent example :—
Of which these extracts are a sample.

EXTRACTS FROM JOURNALS.

' *Because her daughters kiss'd at Kew.*
What else, God bless 'em, should they do ?
Queen Charlotte was in such a rage ;—
(When told by some eaves-dropping page,)
As very nearly brought on spasms
Beyond the reach of cataplasms.'

' *King George the Fourth's an odious beast!*
Selfish, and spoil'd, to say the least.
Neglects his duties, and is mad—
(The Chanc'llor says) and very bad !'

' *Because her daughters kiss'd at Kew.*

' Queen Charlotte's illness was occasioned by the Duchesses of Cambridge and Cumberland having met and embraced. She was in such a rage that the spasm was brought on, and she was very near dying.' Vol. I. p. 3.

' *King George the Fourth's an odious beast.*'

' The Chancellor said to me, 'The fact is, he is mad ! The fact is, he is a spoiled odious beast.' Vol. I. p. 246.

*'King William was obscure enough !
None offer'd him a pinch of snuff
For forty years—nor car'd about him ;
And at their dinners, did without him ;
Till George the Fourth died one fine Spring,
And William finds himself a King.'*

*'Queen Adelaide is vastly plain,
And of her skin need not be vain !
I wonder ' Howe ' in love can be
With such a spotted Majesty !'*

*'When William found the Throne his prize,
Elated by the sudden rise
To Hanwell's shades he nearly pass'd,
At 'sixty-five' a King at last.
And though he shortly sober'd down
To state more fitting for a Crown,
Something of black-guard still was he ;—
Mix'd up with more buffoonery.'*

'King William was obscure enough !'

'Never was any elevation like that of King William. Nobody ever invited him into their house, or thought it necessary to honour him with any mark of attention or respect ; and so he went on for forty years.'

'Queen Adelaide is vastly plain.'

'The Queen is very ugly, with a horrid complexion, but has good manners.' Vol. II. p. 7.

'When William found the Throne his prize.'

'William the Fourth was a man who, coming to the throne at the age of sixty-five, was so exalted by the exaltation that he nearly went mad, and though he was shortly sobered down into more becoming habits, he always continued to be something of a black-guard, and something more of a buffoon.' Vol. III. p. 410.

' I put it, Gentlemen, to you,—
(E'en if such ribaldry were true ;)
Is it for this a knave engages
When he wears livery, and takes wages
As Council's Clerk—(where even he
Is duly sworn to secrecy,)
Brimful of blunders, spleen, and rage,
Spy, traitor, eaves-dropper and page,
To note all down with spite diurnal,
In what he calls—' his private Journal ? '
And what are we to say of ' Reeve '
The Registrar ? shall he deceive
Another Age by shallow ruse
Of Editorial excuse ?
For every sneer without a name,
For every libel—' Reeve's ' to blame !
For every blunder that has slipp'd
Into the text, ' Reeve ' should be whipp'd !
For every batch of denigrations
That he parades with annotations,
For every lunge at private worth
That he thinks fit to marshal forth,
For friends betray'd in language curt,
And hist'ry turn'd to heap of dirt,
For gout confess'd, and made vivacious
In language jaundic'd and loquacious,
Who shall we blame ? Why not the fool
That recreant writ these things by rule,
With fixed intention to deceive ;
But his lieutenant ' Mr. Reeve ? '
As well might he produce in print
And say—' His part were nothing in't ;

Post-mortem memoirs of Miss Harriet Wilson, or Journals of Iscariot.
 Pleading like Pilate, ‘By-the-bye I’m not responsible ! not I !’
 The book’s a mess of filth and stories Directed ‘contra bonos mores.’
 And ’tis a sign the Public’s hung’ring Unduly after scandal-mong’ring,
 And upon garbage must be fed ;— When such a book is bought and read !
 But I must to the filth once more,
 And plunge again though sick and sore.

‘And what, I ask, is Editor
 Who don’t know French or English for ?
 ’Twere easy to have clear’d the text
 (In grammar’s meshes much perplex’d,)
 And made an ‘if’ decline with thanks
 To rule indicatory pranks.
 And spell’d the name of man and place
 Without incurring fresh disgrace.

‘Spell’d the name of man and place.’

‘‘Rundel’ is dead. He has left the bulk of his property to a man of the name of Neal.’ Vol. I. p. 90.

A careful Editor would have enquir’d, and written—‘Neeld’ (the name of Rundell’s nephew). Truly ‘Reeve’ upon ‘Greville’ is not altogether as likely to be consider’d good authority as—‘Coke upon Littleton ;’ and with reason.

‘At last Mr. ‘Walkley.’ Vol. I. p. 276.

‘Mr. Wakley’ (a mob orator and Coroner for Middlesex,) who flatter’d himself that he had made himself at least notorious, if not famous, would have objected to having the orthography of his name garbled after this fashion, and would have enjoy’d sitting upon ‘Messrs. Greville and Reeve’ in more ways than one. Probably the name is

Why call 'Remouleur,' (one we find
 Whose business is knives to grind,)
 'Remontleur,' name none ever heard of,
 Nor any Doctor says a word of,
 And grossly scurilous apply
 'Blockhead' and 'ass' to low and high ?

written correctly in the MSS., and this is another of 'Mr. Reeve's' blunders. 'Charles Greville' could never have made so gross a mistake.

'The King paid me three hundred pounds for '*Gordisson*,' the late Duke of York's jockey.' Vol. II. p. 50.

The King did no such thing ! 'Mr. Greville' has quite enough to answer for beside these ignorant mistakes of his Editor. The man's name was 'Goodison,' (a celebrated jockey). This Mr. Greville well knew, and moreover, no doubt, wrote it.

'Why call 'Remouleur' one we find?'

'The head of the 'remontleur' is the only good thing I have seen.' Vol. I. p. 300.

Why not say 'remonleur,' 'Mr. Reeve !' and make your man write French, if he can do nothing else ?

'Blockhead and ass to low and high.'

'Lord Winchilsea makes an ass of himself, and would like to be sent to the Tower, but nobody minds what such a blockhead says.' Vol. I. p. 163.

So far from this being true, the Duke of Wellington minded it so much that he sent him a challenge to fight a duel ; which took place on the 21st March, 1829, in Battersea Fields, in the presence of Sir Henry Hardinge, and Lord Falmouth, their respective seconds. After the first exchange of shots Sir Henry propos'd a second, although Lord Winchilsea had fir'd in the air. To this proposal Lord Winchilsea replied that 'he should be happy to meet Sir Henry Hardinge then and there, but he would not fire at the Duke.' This not being exactly what Sir Henry wanted, the proposition came to nothing.

In after life the Duke and his opponent were upon most friendly terms ; and Lord Winchilsea's second wife was the Duke's niece, Miss Emily Bagot, of whom Mr. Greville says in one of his milder moods,—

'The Queen's stall (at the Bazaar in Hanover Square) was held by Ladies Howe and Denbigh, with her three prettiest Maids of Honour, Miss Bagot dress'd like a soubrette, and looking like an angel.' Vol. II. p. 383.

And make Prince Metternich talk French
 Unworthy of a kitchen wench?
 Meanwhile the libellist disclaims
 The dirty job of calling names ;
 And says,—‘ His Journal's no receptacle
 For making of his friends a spectacle ;

‘ To day that ass Lord Londonderry brings on a motion about Belgium.’
 Vol. II. p. 180.

‘ The Tories, idiots and asses as they were, never discovering that
 ‘ Canning’ was their best friend, hunted him to death.’ Vol. II. p. 180.

‘ There has been what is call'd a great Protestant Meeting at Dublin, at
 which Lord Winchilsea was introduc'd to the Orangemen, and made one
 of them. It was great in one way, for there were a great many fools.’
 Vol. III. p. 123.

It was upon this occasion that Lord Winchilsea introduc'd the way
 of cheering call'd ‘ the Kentish fire,’ now so well known in Ireland ;
 which will no doubt survive when Mr. Greville’s name is forgotten.

‘ Unworthy of a kitchen-wench !’

‘ Il n'y faut plus penser,’ said Prince Metternich— teste Greville.
 Prince Metternich said nothing of the sort ; for he could talk French
 correctly if he could do nothing else ! If he really said anything that
 could be construed into the twaddle imputed to him, he doubtless said
 —‘ Il ne faut plus y penser.’ And these are the botchers (‘ Greville and
 Reeve’) who claim to possess the key of secret history !

‘ Says his Journal's no receptacle.’

‘ I have an invincible repugnance,’ says Mr. Greville, to making my
 MSS. Books the receptacles of scandal, and handing down to posterity the
 private faults, and follies, of my friends, acquaintance, and associates.’
 Vol. II. p. 15.

Who would suppose, after reading this flourishing account of his
 own innocence, that the late Duke of Richmond was one of Charles
 Greville’s friends and benefactors, and that they were at one time
 ‘ racing confederates ?’ Greville too, having the run of the house at
 Goodwood to the end of his ill-spent life ; though doubtless he con-
 tributed little to the hilarity of the evenings, or the respectability of
 the company.

‘ He (the Duke of Richmond) happens to have his wits, such as they are,
 about him, and has been quick and neat in one or two little speeches. Last

Or handing down to later times,
Their faults, their follies, and their crimes.³
If this be sooth, God save us all !
Let's pray that nothing worse befall !
But Reeve in privy chest has got
(He darkly hints,) another lot
Of spicier and more modern lies,
That will make gossips rub their eyes.
Such as will shrivel up like scroll
Blasted by fire, the reader's soul,

year, on the wool question, he did very well, but all the details were got up for him by George Bentinck, who took the trouble. He is well versed in rural affairs, has a certain calibre of understanding, is prejudiced, narrow-minded, illiterate, good-humour'd, unaffected,—tedious, prolix, unassuming, and a Duke.' Vol. I. p. 200.

What a viper these friends of his were unconsciously warming in their bosoms !

'Lord Lonsdale, the Duke of Rutland (another friend in whose house Mr. Greville was always welcome,) and the Duke of Cleveland, (a jobbing and unscrupulous but a very able man,) are among the most insignificant of mankind : but they acquire factitious consideration by the influence they possess to do good or evil.' Vol. II. p. 27.

'Buller (the Senior Clerk of the Council) is dead. He was a very honourable, obliging, and stupid man, and a great loss to me.' Vol. II. p. 60.

He probably took most of the work off 'Mr. Greville's' hands ; which enabled that worthy to gad about racing. In return for this, Mr. Greville dubs him 'stupid ;' and perhaps he was.

'But Reeve in privy chest has got.' 'Mr. Reeve' says of Charles Greville—

'As the author advanced in life, his narrative increased in value, (quere, venom?) and the most important part of it is that which must be at present reserved for future publication.' Pref. p. 10.

Pleasant news this. More friends bedevilled. Sauce even hotter. Scandal has gathered confidence, and envy, hatred, and malice, like old wine, have improved by keeping. Truly 'Mr. Greville's' friends have an agreeable prospect of deferred fame before them.

And leave him staggering in the waste,
 Helpless, astonish'd, and disgrac'd.
 Such as will,—but indictments fail !
 Where are ye, pillory, and cart's tail ?
 Tinge beauty's cheek with blushing red,
 And make a man curse Greville dead ;
 Who studiously degrades each act,
 And leaves no character intact,
 And envious of all fair renown,
 Vexes e'en her who wears the Crown.
 A Ghoule must leave the feast perforse,
 To batten on a tainted corse !
 A Maniac in his maddest mood
 Will snatch a meal off fouler food.
 But Greville's name the schedule ends,
 Who daily din'd off devill'd friends.

‘ ‘Tis hard to say, where both are vile,
 Which brother moves us most to bile,
 And I profess I never had
 A task more like to drive one mad.

‘Vexes e'en her who wears the crown.’

‘ We, (the Duke of Wellington and ‘ C. Greville’) then talked about the Duchess of Kent, and I asked him ‘ why she set herself in opposition to the Court?’ He said—‘ Sir John Conroy was her adviser ; that he was sure of it.’ ‘ What he then told me throws some light upon her ill humour and displays her wrong-headedness.’ Vol. II. p. 190.

People may believe just as much or as little of this scandal as they please ; after all we have only Mr. Greville’s word for it. And if the Duke did say it, it was a scandalous breach of unwary confidence to make such an entry in a journal intended for future publication. If some of Mr. Greville’s friends could get him into a corner of the Elysian fields, he would have a hot time of it.

' Reeve ' takes the credit, ' Charles ' th' offence,
But ' Reeve ' professes innocence.
' Charles ' spits his venom (being dead,)
But ' Reeve ' won't suffer in his stead.
And yet he smirks, and profits too
By selling what ' Charles ' could not do,
Were he to answer in the flesh
For all his libels, stale and fresh.

' The bias of the Age we live in
Is all for scandal and pain-giving.
Each knave that spits his purpos'd spite,
Does it, i' faith, for truth and right ;
And holds commission straight from Heaven
In every loaf to mix his leaven ;
And where he recognises worth,
With antidotes to lard the earth.

' What man so trusty and high-plac'd,
Who may not safely be disgrac'd,
And made to chew by subtle press
The poison'd cup of bitterness ?
Until he die 'neath punctures smart,
Like ' Canning,' of a broken heart ;
Or mesh'd like Gulliver, and bound
By puny stakes and ropes to ground,
In helpless gianthood begin
To wince at darts much less than pin.

' Since hostile meetings were suppress'd,
And none fight now for deed or jest,

Has Honour with a finer hand
 Of clownish license purg'd the land ?
 Or generous niceties of taste
 The rough redress of arms replac'd ?
 Hardly, we think,—when every week
 Brings news of some bear-fighting freak ;
 And vulgar libels, writ to sell,
 Crowd newspapers and stalls as well ;
 Tickling the groundling's prurient ears
 With Billingsgate releas'd from fears.
 'Twas this impunity which nibb'd
 The shameless pen when Murray fibb'd ;
 And fruitful in a thousand ways,
 Delug'd the World with 'coming K—s.'
 'Silleads,' 'Jon Duans,' and the like,
 Such as men print who sneak and strike.
 And now—all platitudes of hate
 In Greville's Journals culminate.

'Well ! Who was he that ever rude
 With flouts and scorn mankind pursued ?
 A Chinese Joss, a Dutch-built Dagon,
 As full of worship as 'Moll Flagon.'
 A man who never had a friend
 He did not turn to some bad end.
 A pimp political, as mean
 As any other go-between.

'The shameless pen when Murray fibb'd.' See—The files of 'the Queen's Messenger.'

'A pimp political, as mean.'

'In consequence of what pass'd between Lyndhurst and me concerning 'the Times,' I made Henry de Ros send for Barnes.' Vol. III. p. 155.

Ready to steal his comrade's wife,
 Or paint his portrait to the life,
 With larger type and blacker print
 Than 'Warren's blacking' e'er had in't.
 Yet 'Reeve,' stout innocent, approves
 The candour of the sage he loves,
 He bids us kiss the chast'ning rod,
 Reform back-slidings, and thank God
 Who rais'd so competent a Judge
 In Israel—to point a grudge.
 Meanwhile all honest folk proclaim
 The matter foul, the taste to blame,
 The stories prosy, and ill-told,
 The jokes exceeding bad, or old ;
 The Journals tiresome, sour, and fretful,
 Of Satan's snarls a vicious net-full,
 Models for dotards, at a pinch,
 Who take an ell when given an inch.
 Diffuse, pretentious, flat as well,
 But cynical, and bound to sell.

'Ah ! potent lust of sordid gain !
 Beside thee, all things else are vain.

'They (the eighty peers that met at Apsley House) kept their resolutions a profound secret, but as I knew what they were on Friday morning, I went to Melbourne and told him.' Vol. III. p. 308.

Good dog ! Mr. Greville ! Good dog ! Sir Pandarus of Troy could not have done it better.

'Yesterday Batchelor (George the Fourth's chief page) came and sat with me for an hour, telling me all sorts of details concerning the interior of Windsor and St. James.' Vol. I. p. 206.

Batchelor at one time was in the Duke of York's service, and so came under Mr. Greville's thumb.

Ambition is the game of fools,
It blights the world, and blunts the tools.
Love is a frenzy of the heart,
Learning superfluous,—and Art
A desperate Jack-o'-Lantern chase
Where very few win name or place.
Law, physic, lit'rature, are traps
Baited by hope to catch mis-haps ;
But gain, sweet gain, presents no ill !
Little or big it pleases still.
Whether you soar 'bove Condor's range,
And thimble-rig the knaves 'on 'Change,'
Or robbing on in sure but stale way,
Finance a Nation or a Railway,
Or without genius to invent
Retire on bills, and 'cent per cent.'
Gain is a ready source of pleasure
That only varies in the measure.
And as some knaves that sweat the coin
To-day, to-morrow will conjoin
In syndicate that's good for millions,
And reaches billions, and trillions ;—
Then melt a Nation's coinage down
In twenty pounds to gain a crown.—
So nothing is too big or little,
Too hot, too heavy, or too brittle,
For canny folks to try their hand in,
So long as profit they may land in.

'In twenty pounds to gain a crown.'

'From information I have received, I advise the Germans to look after their gold Marc currency.'

Vespasian's nose did not detect
The flavour of a coin suspect,
Then why should any scent displease
That fail'd to make Augustus sneeze?

' Of gain's omnipotence convinc'd,
Reeve has not turn'd aside nor winc'd,
By conscience prick'd, in any page
Of these dull Journals' acreage ;
And therefore we must punish him
In the right way to make things trim,
By ' argumentum ad crumenam,'
He sinn'd for profit !—dabit poenam !
And if, as I'm compell'd to hear,
He's made at least a thousand clear
Out of the property, we shall
Confiscate it to Hospital
Destin'd (if such perchance there be)
For ills more foul than leprosy,
More full of torment than ' King Herod's,'
Or Philistines smit with ' emerods.'

'This I demand of you !—but first,
Like recreant knight with arms revers'd,
And broken sword, and banner torn,
And cognizance of honour shorn,
And golden spurs hack'd from his heels,
Amid mob-laughter's jeering peals ;
Let him lose salary, rank, and place,
To which he has attach'd disgrace !'

The great 'Sir Platitude' was dumb ;
The Public rais'd approving hum.
The Judge—(as Judges often do)
Look'd spiteful, and demanded—'Who
Were in contempt, for he'd commit 'em,
And order 'em a cap to fit 'em,
If any one would point 'em out ?'
But here—he wisely paus'd in doubt.
Complaisant smil'd the 'legal bunch,'
And afterwards they went to lunch.
Return'd once more, they look'd for sport
And learned silence fill'd the Court.

DOCTOR MUMCHANCE, Q.C.

' My Lord ! and Gentlemen ! My Client
With duty may have been compliant,
But as for any other ends,
Or helping 'Charles' to damn his friends,
I tell you fairly, I am sure
Bandusia's fount was not more pure.
What man who knows him will believe
Lucre will weigh with 'Mr. Reeve' ?
No, 'tis his sturdy sense of honour,
That having ta'en the task upon her,
Impatient dash'd through thick and thin,
For 'editing' is not a sin !
And what's a fool or two run down,
If, by-the-bye, we save the Crown ?
And brighter than the morning star,
Show Statesmen up for what they are ?

I take my stand, as still I must,
On the fiduciary trust.
The Journals are perhaps a craw-full,
But editing the same is lawful.
For as detectives in plain clothes
The practices of rogues expose,
And sometimes even join the gang,
The better to convict and hang ;
So treachery expands to merit
When treated in becoming spirit.

‘ My learned friend calls Greville ‘ tout
And pimp’—hard words—he but found out
In secret, from who best could tell,
The dirty tales none knew so well.
Instead of breeding such a quarrel,
‘ Charles’ ought to stand bewreath’d with laurel
In every square and market-place,
Model of wisdom as of grace.
“Tis false to say he was—‘ Dutch-built ! ’
Apollo with his torso gilt,
With less of majesty bestrode
The entrance to the ‘ Port of Rhode.’
And if he were by ‘ Lyndhurst’ sent
To post up ‘ Barnes’ in what was meant,

‘ *Ought to stand bewreath’d with laurel?*’ I hope that this book and others may prevent it; but notoriety now-a-days earns statues, as well as fame.

‘ *Entrance to the port of Rhode.*’ The Doctor like his client takes liberties, when it suits him, with the English language.

And bring him into nice accord ;
 Sure—‘go-between’ is not the word,
 But mod’rator, or benefactor,
 Physician, counsel, or chief actor.
 His French, for anything I know,
 Charles Greville may have learn’d ‘atte Bowe,’
 Which doubtless serv’d him well enough
 To slash upon his English stuff.
 The book has cut a first-rate dash !
 But, as for giving up the cash,
 My learned friend sure must be joking !
 The bare proposal sets me choking,
 As well might I my ‘honorarium,’
 Or Brighton owners of Aquarium
 The shillings earn’d by Octopus !
 Fie ! fie ! ‘Tis envy makes this fuss.
 ‘Reeve’s’ got, what others wish were their’s,
 A property might sell in shares.
 Shall he lose crispness, point, and force,
 Because some things are reckon’d coarse ?
 And several tales, as hist’ry true,
 In their last dotage pass for new ?

‘No, surely ! that would be admitting
 ‘Reeve’ a bad judge of things befitting.
 Doth he not edit a Review
 By Jeffrey clad in buff and blue,
 That still hath pull’d the Country through ;

‘*Atte Bowe.*’ See Chaucer’s Prologue . 5. Whittingham’s Edition. Chiswick. 1822.

When many fainted, and fought shy,
The Polar Star of Whiggery ?
And shall he basely lose through 'lâches,'
The right those patriots won by snatches,
To make their enemies the food
Of slander for the common good ?
The notion's pestilent and crude !
What means a Journal, if not rude,
And checking at the highest flights ?
'Tis thus we put the world to rights.
To you I turn—you're stout and fearless,
As 'Greville' and his 'Reeve' are peerless ;
And confident I look to you
To ratify the book as true :
The gossip pleasant, and the prattle
The very cream of tittle-tattle.
The judgments apposite though strong ;
Such as men give who hate the wrong ;
And will not swerve from public ends,
For faults, for fancy, or for friends.'

But here the Judge awoke, and nodded,
And look'd like owl, or law embodied,
And clutch'd his wig and shook his ermine,
As well-bred terriers do vermin ;
And next proceeded to address
The Jury, with some pithiness.

JUDGE.

' If you, 'Sir Platitude,' believe
You'll find a verdict against Reeve,

And if you're guided by 'Mumchance'
You'll give it t'other way, perchance.
One says—the Journal's full o' knavery ;
The other, that 'it's sweet and savoury.'
I leave the knotty point to you ;
You're sworn to give a verdict true
According to the evidence,
And English Law of Common Sense.
And further—you must now decide
Whether a living man shall hide,
And make a stalking-horse, of head
And tail-piece of another dead,
And laws defy, and substance win,
Pleading a 'trust' to save his skin.'

The Jury, that had long desir'd,
With patience that should be admir'd,
To make an end of all this fooling,
And car'd not two-pence for the ruling,
Stout burghers rough and orthodox,
Declin'd at once to leave the box ;
And anxious for an early start,
Brought 'Reeve' in—'guilty art and part.'
And through their foreman crav'd of grace,
That he forthwith should lose his place,
And utterly defil'd the dust
Of the 'fiduciary trust.'
Then said ;—' Let Editors look in't,
And ponder long before they print,
Or they may find their gracious ears
Trimm'd by the common hangman's shears ! '

L'ENVOI.

The trial's o'er, the cause is won !
'Reeve' is degraded and undone.
The Court of Conscience has endors'd,
In shape not like to be deforc'd,
The verdict of the common feeling,
'Gainst which, I think, there's no appealing.
And here I thank the good grey-goose
Whose quill has punished this abuse
Of confidence and secrecy,
Friendship, good faith, and honesty.
But should rash stimulants inflate
The lively 'Reeve' to fresh debate,
I trust that he may come purvey'd
With somewhat of a keener blade ;
And not be redolent at once
Of bully, scavenger, and dunce.

Flying Childers

HIS CRUISE.

'Vixere fortis ante Agamemnona
Multi, sed omnes illacrymabiles
Urgentur, ignotique longa nocte
Carent quia vate sacro.'

BY

THE EARL OF WINCHILSEA.

LONDON:

(FOR THE AUTHOR)

JOHN CAMDEN HOTTON, 74 AND 75 PICCADILLY.

1870.

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P R E F A C E.

In these prodigious times, when every thing
Figures reversed, from Journalist to King,
When every power, from Emperor to Pope,
Cries out for what will hang 'em all—‘more rope !’
When freaks as senseless as the world e'er saw,
(Beyond the reach of wit, and rule, and law,)—
Like Egypt's hailstones in great storms descend,—
Till wisdom breathless ask—Where will it end ?
When ‘Peace at all price,’ is the cry of some,
And ‘Mutual Trust’ and ‘Faith’s Millennium,’
While others sallying from the frozen North,
With ‘Thor’s own hammer’ in their hands burst forth ;—
When wars and horrid rumours load the sky,
And ‘States of Siege’ make game of Liberty ;
When ev’ry land-mark is by force displac’d,
And wise old saws are utterly disgrac’d ;
When knaves on thrones, beggars on horseback sit,
Alike conspicuous for their want of wit ;
When Free Assemblies torn by party strife,
Clutch at the shadow to forget the life,
The life of Nations—that means more, no doubt,
Than ‘this Fool in a place and t’other out ;’
When every righteous tie that binds a man,
And every law since this strange world began,
Cut down like corn before the sickle, pales,—
And all their cunning earth’s chief masters fails ;

While looking on sits England's palsied form
That mocks at Fate, and gibbers in the storm ;—
Shall I not lift my voice ? If men were dumb
The very stones would raise a threat'ning hum !
The very ghosts of those who whilom bore
Britannia's banner safe from shore to shore,
Would burst the tomb and gathering on the brink,
Mock at their puny sons who pause to think.

Ye reckless change-mongers who deem it praise
To leave the straight and follow crooked ways !
Whose song must ever end as it begun
In prophecies of Peace where Peace is none !
Behold your handiwork ! nay more, behold
The robber gloating o'er your cherish'd gold !
Into the tottering scale his sword he flings ;—
Another lesson on the faith of Kings,
Another warning for the fools who doat,
Another crime for history to quote :
For wolf, at heart, when passion blows the flame,
Savage or civilis'd man's still the same.

And what brought England to this piteous plight,
So ready once in a good cause to fight ?
Insensate blindness, and the cuckoo cry
Of Peace disarm'd, and mad Economy !
With everything to lose, and nought to gain,
The prudent few lifted their voice in vain.
When to destruction in great mobs men run
Who shall arrest the wild stampedo ? None !
Behold your work, Philanthropy ! and then
Smile, an ye list, you 'Peace-at-all-price' men !

'Twas by your arts, your din from day to day,
You stole the wits of Englishmen away :
Pull'd down our trusty bulwarks stone by stone,
And left us powerless, friendless, and alone.

The days once were, when England's worth could give
Strength to the slave, and bid the hopeless live ;
From wasted limbs the shackle-bolts withdraw
The lamp of Freedom, and the Queen of Law.—
But times are chang'd, the dreary lust of pelf
Blinds her old eyes to aught but dirty self :
Astonish'd Nations with the tidings ring,
And see a pedler where they hail'd a king.
And now !—Got wot !—but how shall I forecast
The dreary weird that mutters in the blast ?
Driven from her stormy Empire on the Main,
England may drag,—perhaps may hug a chain !
And why ? Because, like other 'wittols born,'
The sword she drew not ere she blew the horn !

So long as man shall breathe the breath of life,
So long as differences shall end in strife,
So long as Diplomats, in conjuring caps,
Shall bluster, threaten, and at last collapse,
So long as right shall be the butt of scorn,
When once the conquering sword be fairly drawn,
So long as optimists shall rule the State ;—
Nations will start up from their dreams too late,
Surpris'd, bewilder'd, in their homes to feel,
That empty words can never match with steel.

Ye curs'd empirics who with one vile pill
Cure States, like country louts, of every ill ;

Whose nauseous drugs by cunning silver'd o'er,
 For all their tinsel promise, stink the more ;
 Now strength, position, prestige, all are gone,
 And to the gulf we've fairly stumbled on,
 Too proud to hesitate, too dull to learn,—
 To you the Country shall in vengeance turn !
 With all your fulsome talk, and feckless hands,
 Alone, before the world disarm'd, she stands.

And shall we mend the failures all admit
 By Cardwell's wisdom, or by Childers' wit ?
 Shall the bewilder'd country tamely note
 The graceless pranks of 'charlatans' afloat ?
 While one our army, one our navy guide,
 By rules the jest of all the world beside ?
 No ! not though Gladstone, from 'his Gods' returning,
 Should take to fiddling while our London's burning ;
 Or Lowe compute in weighty words and grave,
 By 'non-resistance' what vast sums we save !

But is there time ? Oh if there be, start up
 Ye 'ten just men !' ere Heaven o'erbrim the cup !
 Cast to the winds these cankers of the State
 Whose shibboleth is Weakness, Death, and Fate ;
 Whose instincts, innocent of sense and tact,
 Collapse in trifles when they're call'd to act.
 Return to men whose policy displays
 Some faint resemblance to our elder ways ;
 And let one last alarm-cry rend the air,—
 'England, besotted and befooled, prepare !'

'His Gods.' See *Juventus Mundi*.

Fytte ye first.

YE START.

‘ **B**RING me forth the royal banner
That hath never mock’d the breeze !
I, Lord Childers, hight ‘ The Flying,’
Will disport me on the seas !
Tritons, minnows, dolphins, mermaids,
Everything that haunts the wave,
Fall into your ranks behind me ;
And look sharp how you behave !

‘ I am he, the potent ‘ Ego !’
Lord High Admiral, by thunder ;
Tars, attend ! when I to sea go,
By my faith the world shall wonder.
Let me see one daring sailor
In his tarry breeches sneer,
And as sure as I am Childers,
By this hand I’ll stop his beer !

‘ Stop his grog, or with five portions
Of salt-water drench it well :—
Scour the deck with violet powder—
See that ye abate each smell !

Let the Adm'ral's line the gangway ;
 Send the Captains up aloft ;
 Man my barge with first-lieutenants !—
 Trow ye that your lord is soft ?

' Back the topsails ! fill the main-sheets !
 He's afloat that none shall cozen ;
 Fire a hundred guns in salvo,
 Give the 'starboard' watch 'two dozen !'
 Muster ev'ry hand before me !
 Wielders of the sword and pen !
 Wave Britannia's standard o'er me !
 Now look out for squalls, my men !

' Furnish'd with my own Reporter,
 I am come amongst my crews ;
 Nothing shall escape my notice,
 To the very oaths they use.
 What man may, my loyal shipmates,
 In a brace of shakes I'll do !
 (Midship-mites, avast there tittering !
 You, loblolly boys, be mute !)

' Look into my starboard ogle !
 See'st thou, fellow, aught of green ?
 Aught that in the days of jobbing
 In the Tory Board was seen ?
 Doth this smack of stores old-fashion'd
 Rotting where they never ought ?
 No !—I'll sell and pass to credit
 All my predecessors bought !

‘Never since old Father Neptune
First saw Captain Jason’s crew,
Staggering to the Land of Colchis,—
Sick at heart, and stomach too ;
Has so valiant a Commander
Left Britannia’s shores, or Greece’s,
In the search of gold to fleece, or
In the search for golden fleeces.

‘Fire the gun at blackest midnight !
Fly ‘Blue Peter’ at the fore !
Give the Fleet another minute !
Steam up, there ! we’re off at score !
Let me see some captain fellow
My sublime designs gainsay,
And I’ll munch him, and I’ll scrunch him,
As a donkey cheweth hay !

‘Think ye, those poor folks, Columbus,
Raleigh, Captain Cook, or Drake,
Knew the half that I’ve forgotten,
Or one half as wisely spake ?
Think ye Blake a prettier sailor,
Nelson’s self a pluckier dog ?
But for several years, through envy,
All my gifts were lost in fog.

‘I was visiting Australia,
Studying Aborigines,
Noting Tory jobs and failures,
Eating junk in many seas.

Worsting Sir John Hay, ‘the Hammerer,’
 Trying falls with Elphinstone,
 Crushing jobbing, prying, spying
 In the dock-yards, all alone.

‘For at my strange birth presided
 Thetis and fair Amphitrite,
 I was cradled upon ocean
 In a memorable night.
 Mingled with my squalls infantine
 Came the black squall charg’d with fear ;
 Stormy times mayhap betok’ning,
 But a very grand career !

‘Many a time I’ve box’d the compass
 Thinking upon Heroes dead ;
 Jason’s cruise—Ulysses’ wand’rings—
 ‘Hanno’s voyage’ with marvels fed !
 From the ‘Periplus of Arrian’
 To the ‘Flying Dutchman’s’ story,
 Everything has help’d the ladder
 That has lifted me to glory.

‘From the log of ‘Captain Noah’
 To the little ‘Rob-Roy’s’ cruise,
 Nothing has escap’d my notice
 That can ever be of use.

‘*The Hammerer.*’ Thor was call’d the Hammerer.

‘*Hanno’s voyage.*’ Hanno was the first discoverer of the Gorillas and pygmies, both of which Paul de Chaillu says he found on his journey to Ashangoland, 1863-4.

And I've got it all as pat as
Mr. Ayrton has good taste ;
And I never see a dock-yard
But I moralise on waste.

'Waste is old, and Want's her sister !
Something's new beneath the Sun !
What was 'four men's work' before me,
I'll have better done by one.
Admirals shall be sholv'd and shunted,
Captains shall be superseded,
First-lieutenants be black-listed,—
If my orders be not heeded !'

So to sea went 'Flying Childers,'
With his iron-clads so gay,
And some sixty hours found him
Rolling deep in vile Biscay,
With 'a snorter' from the Westward
Rattling through his iron shrouds,
And his fleet hove head to wind, and
Several very nasty clouds.

Then he call'd his valiant captains,
And said he—'Attend, my friends !
None shall say—not even Childers,
How a gale of this sort ends.
Broad upon our larboard quarter
Lies the Tagus' yellow flow,
With its oranges and port wine ;—
Thither, thither let us go.'

'For although my friend, 'the Dutchman,'
 Whilom in the wind's eye sail'd,
 I should say, when he was captain,
 Very different winds prevail'd.
 Therefore—'absit omen lævum !'
 Let us in this instance run.
 We'll maneuvre somewhat later,—
 For our cruise is just begun !'

Upon this he fetch'd some lee-way,
 And his stalwart legs just then,
 Not being steady in a sea-way,
 Down he fell amongst his men.
 Then said they—'Good Lord High Admiral !
 Thou hast but to give thine orders,
 And we'll follow thee to glory,
 From full Admirals to Boarders !'

Thus with ' Royal Standard ' flying
 Unto Lisbon steer'd the chief,
 And the smell of orange blossoms
 Brought his stomach quick relief;
 And Don Louis of Braganza,
 With his cock'd hat in his hand,
 In the twinkling of a stanza
 To receive him took his stand.

And some thousand Lusitanians,
 Duly wash'd for this occasion,
 With brown skins and flashing glances,
 Smil'd the welcome of the Nation :—

‘ Happy Lord High Admiral Childers !
 What lay lord so blest as thee
 Ever bore Britannia’s banner
 In such triumph on the sea ? ’

Thus it was they sung in numbers,
 Very rough indeed ; but then,
 ‘ À la mode de Lusitania,’
 They embrac’d him and his men :
 Brought him oranges and port wine,
 Gave him a complete reception,
 So, (his own Reporter mentions,)
 In which there was no deception.

Tir’d at last of peaceful conquests,
 Dinners, balls, and deputations,
 Having finish’d his own business,
 He bethinks him of the Nation’s.
 For says he—‘ There lurks a dragon,
 Envying heroes in possession,
 In that tiresome House of Commons—
 I shall hear of this next Session.’

Then he shook like angry lion
 From his shapely limbs the sloth,
 And sent up again ‘ Blue Peter ’
 To a fleet in no ways loth.
 And he signall’d to his captains,
 Quite forgetting his last qualm,
 ‘ England’s eye is full upon us,
 Let us look out for a storm ! ’

Let us know the worst of Neptune !

Let ‘ Rude Boreas ’ rave his fill !

Parliament must be astonish’d !—

As I’m proud to say it will !’

Many an eye was dimm’d with weeping,

Many a heart sick to the core,

When the fleet in silence sweeping

Left the Lusitanian shore ;

And Don Louis of Braganza,

England’s very best ally,

Said—‘ He’s greater than ‘ De Gama ! ’

And, moreover, he’s not shy !’

Fytte ye Second.

YE FAIR WEATHER.

‘SMARTLY there, my noble captains !
Business is the Childers’ motto ;
Write that home to your belongings
In the envelopes of ‘Gotto !’
Cull the choicest reams of ‘Parkins !’
Telegraph it, an ye list !
Smart we’ll be !—I’ll have no shirkings—
Lubbers all shall be dismiss’d.

‘Gallant Captain, thou the favour’d
After a prodigious sort,
Bearer of the flag of Childers
On the stately Agincourt !
I’m determin’d to astonish
All the lay and naval lords,
Showing fleets can be manevred
In a series of stern-boards.

‘But should ought untoward happen,
(Stow your talk, you giggling schelm !)
As it will in these long sea-ways,
I myself will take the helm !

Then I'll show you, like Ulysses,
How to steer, and how to lie!—
Signal now to every captain,
‘Open wide your weather-eye!’

‘I will ape the stately wild-goose,
And whatever winds prevail,
Fair, or foul, or rain, or sunshine,
In the ‘Cuneus’ will I sail.
I will be its noble ‘apex,’
And whatever chance may hap,
Let no distance be diminish’d!—
Woe to him who leaves a gap!

‘No excuse will pass with Childers;
Taut as bowline will he hold
His whole fleet in hand together,
Stout as steel, and true as gold;
He will show you, in new fashion,
How to ‘wear’ and how to ‘stay,’
He will show you how to weather
On the fam’d ‘Cape Flyaway;’

‘How to take the true meridian
After a strong B and S;
How to get the fleet, God willing,
Into every sort of mess;
How to make the ‘ Flying Dutchman ’
Our heroic sailors’ model,
With some things he will not mention
Just conceiv’d within his noddle.

'Then, my gallant friends, look to it !
Be, I pray you, smart and spry !
Should I meet this valiant Dutchman,
We will sail in company.
By my faith, we'll cruise together,
Let tornadoes do their worst ;
I know how the race will come off,—
'Dutchman' second, 'Childers' first.'

Then to sea went ' Flying Childers,'
Leading in the 'Agincourt ;'
And his captains follow'd after,
As they might, to see the sport !
And some rascally reporters,
Not the Lord High Admiral's own,
Wrote absurdities to London—
Fictions all, as well 'tis known.

And they said,—' His valiant captains
Did with one consent agree,
Childers was the greatest failure
They had ever known at sea.'
And they scoff'd, and said—' The service
Never was in such a fix,
Since Jehoshaphat's fleet was broke at
Ezion-geber by such tricks.'

And they wonder'd—' If the country,
Like to Issachar's strong ass
Crouching down betwixt two burthens,
Would allow such freaks to pass.'

And they said,—‘ Are English sailors
By such masters to be rul’d ?
And the Country that adores them
After this droll fashion fool’d ? ’

Knaves irreverent ! idle scoffers !
Know ye not avenging Time
Will strip bare your lying statements,
And turn every word to crime ?
When to port comes ‘ Flying Childers,’
And uprising in his place,
In the mute admiring Commons,
Meets the envious face to face !

In the ‘ Cuneus ’ still advancing
To Gibraltar, sail’d the Chief ;
And arriv’d, good luck permitting,
Without any special grief.
As the warrior rock of Taric
Open’d on his larboard bow,
He beheld, with standards flying,
A most gallant sight, I trow.

With yards mann’d, and all ‘ ataunto,’
Moor’d across the famous bay,
Wasting powder in his honour,—
England’s wooden squadron lay.
' Warden, Oak, and Caledonia,
Consort, Pallas, Enterprise,
Cruiser, Psyche,’—walls of England
Once prodigious thought, for size,

In the days when oak was regnant,
Ere the blacksmith on his mettle,
Had shut up the British sailor
In a shot-proof tower and kettle.
There they lay, to give the lie to
All those noodles who pretend
England means to make a present
Of ‘her Rock’ to Spain, her friend.

Then he took his speaking-trumpet
And sung out in accents grand ;—
‘For the first time wood and iron
Meet under my high command !
Welcome, good ‘Sir Alexander !’
What news of the smart Maltese ?
Now report yourself as ‘second’
At head-quarters, if you please !’

So with that he came to anchor,
And his iron squadron lay
Like the wooden one before him—
Moor’d in Algesiras Bay.
Agincourt, and Minotaur, and
Hercules, Northumberland,
Monarch too, and Billy-rough-one ;
With th’ Inconstant nigh at hand.

Spanish echoes caught the frenzy,
And took up the British cheer ;
And the oldest ape that lives on
Calpe’s rock pull’d faces queer.

‘Good Sir Alexander.’ Sir Alexander Milne, &c. &c. in command
of the Mediterranean Fleet.

What he thought of all this rumpus
 I am not in case to tell ;
 But I rather think he grumbled,
 ‘Who is this new naval swell?’

Now descends Sir Richard Airey
 From his fortress to the strand,
 And he welcomes ‘ Flying Childers ’
 Warmly to the smugglers’ land.
 And he says—‘A little dinner
 With a very savoury joint,
 Noble High ! awaits your eating
 At yon cottage by the Point.

‘ May I beg that with your captains
 You will honour Richard Airey,
 Should perchance your high engagements
 Not oblige to the ‘contrairey?’
 Seamen’s toils are best forgotten
 In a jolly cruise ashore ;
 We have kill’d the fatted calf, and
 Eke the Mauritanian boar.

‘ We have driven the skirts of Atlas
 For the haunch on which you’ll dine,—
 Welcome, then, like great Æneas,
 To our venison and ‘old wine !’
 Red-legg’d partridges, in coveys,
 Fell to our unerring guns !
 Snipes, and wild-ducks—hares, and plover,
 Very fine full-flavour’d ones.

‘ We have drawn the bay for mullet,
Early have we toil’d and late,
In the prospect of your coming ;—
And in short, we dine at eight !’
Then said Childers, ‘ Good Sir Richard,
All that thou hast done is good ;
And I feel my soul reviving
At the mention of such food.

‘ With my gallant tars around me,
At eight sharp will I attend !
Lucky was it that you found me,—
This is what I call a friend !
Round thy festive board this evening
We’ll forget, as best we may,
All the cankering cares of office,
And the ‘ rollers ’ of Biscay.’

ſytte ye Thirđ.

YE STORM.

GOOD-BYE, Calpe and Abyla,
 Somewhat baldly call'd Apes' Hill !
 Good-bye, splendid old traditions !
 Would that ye rul'd England still.
 Rooke, and Elliott—hearts undaunted—
 Tell the fools by nought alarm'd,
 Tell the Quakers of your Country,
 ‘Better die, than live disarm'd !’

Tell them in the words of Solon,
 To the Lydian king address'd :—
 ‘Show me not thy wealth, good fellow !
 He takes all whose steel's the best !
 Diamond, ruby, pearl, and emerald,
 Precious casket, golden chalice,
 Are the strong-man's just so long as
 He in arms doth keep his palace.’

Woe to those fool-hardy Nations
 Who prefer dull talk to iron !
 Woe to those who might and do not,
 With their swords their gold environ !

From the pinnacle of greatness
Cast, like carrion they shall rot !
They shall be a world-wide wonder,—
And their place shall know them not !

Now the cuneiform deserting,
In three columns doth he steer ;
And in gallant guise saluteth
The old castle of Tangier.
Then spoke out those old twelve-pounders,
That had never dealt a blow
Since they pepper'd Monsieur Joinville,
Twenty-seven long years ago.

All in peaceful guise saluting
Childers on his element ;
Happy that no demonstration
'Gainst their 'honeycombs' was meant.
Gracefully to seaward sweeps he,
While his fleet look on and learn :
Fierce it blows, and still more fiercely ;—
Cape Spartel is left astern.—

Distances are lost, and bearings
Ill kept—so reporters say ;
And the 'Caledonia' tacking,
Carried first her mizen away,
Follow'd in some sixteen seconds
By the main-top-gallant mast,
Then the fore—which left our Childers
In the 'Agincourt' aghast.

For the luckless ‘Caledonia’
Was a sight to all the fleet,
As the wreck hung o'er to leeward,
Several fathoms and some feet.
Great and gaping holes a-many
Ruthlessly the yard-ends tore
In the pitiful main-topsails,
And the miserable fore.

And beside all these disasters,
Just at two o'clock precisely,
The ‘Monarch’ she miss'd stays twice over,
And no doubt she mull'd it nicely ;
While the ‘Hercules’ in wearing
Steadily refus'd the task
Of responding to the questions
That her helm presum'd to ask.

And the gale increas'd upon him,
And ‘the rollers of the Fleet’
Straight perform'd some evolutions
That were reckon'd rather neat.
'Royal Oak,' and 'Pallas' out of
Water roll'd their garboard strakes ;
Let us thank our stars, good people,
We weren't there, for all our sakes.

And they say the Lord High Admiral's
Stately ship, the ‘Agincourt,’
Roll'd twice ten degrees to starboard
And just twenty-two to port,

In a series of continuous swings,
And also took in water
Through her main-deck and stern gun-ports,—
Given him, poor man, no quarter.

But the longest day is over
When the bird sinks to her nest,
And the longest gale must blow out
Though it roar like ‘all possess’d.’
Scatter’d, batter’d, pitching, rolling,
Struggling like a flock of geese ;
The Fleet opens ‘Belem Castle,’
And the day’s disasters cease.

Once again to sea put Childers,
For it doth not yet appear
How he could, without so doing,
Rendezvous at far Cape Clear.
And the storm he said he’d look for
Came upon him in ‘the Bay,’
On the eighteenth of September,
In the morning of the day.

And the ‘Agincourt’ so stately,
Had to steer her, fifty men :
Fourteen at the helm, the rest at
The relieving tackles ; then
At ten thirty sharp she shipp’d a
Sea that in a brace of shakes
Sent the ward-room mess a-flying,
Burst the cutter’s garboard strakes,

Hanging on her starboard davits ;
 And as I'm obliged to learn,
 Drown'd the cabins too, and well-nigh
 Clear'd the ship from stem to stern.
 And it almost seem'd the moment
 For 'the High' to steer the ship
 Had arriv'd, and show his knowledge
 And undoubted seamanship.

But the wind most opportunely
 Moderated, and the Fleet,
 Scatter'd o'er a black horizon,
 Promptly found the change a treat.
 Though e'en then, in spite of easement,
 Dinner was most difficult ;
 And the Lord High Admiral tried it,
 With a very lame result.

As great Virgil stoops to gossip,
 And describes with reverent glee,
 'How the helmsman got a header
 And was wash'd away to sea ;'
 How the billows this and that ship
 That and this way wildly toss'd,
 With the names of all the galleys
 And the gentlemen were lost :—

'Virgil stoops to gossip.'

' Unam quæ Lycios fidumque vehebat Orontem
 Ipsius ante oculos ingens a vertice pontus
 In puppim ferit : excutitur pronusque magister
 Volvitur in caput.' *Æneidos*, Book I. line 117.

' Et qua vectus Abas, et qua grandævus Aletes
 Vicit hiems.'

Line 125.

With more of the same sort.

So the bard that ‘Childers’ actions
Would trustworthily portray,
Cannot leave the fact unnotic’d
How the capstan-bar fetch’d way
In the storm, and straight proceeded
To divide itself in twain
'Gainst the back of a marine’s head,
Who yet lives to fight again.

Happy, happy in a thick head
Wert thou, ‘Jolly !’ but not so
In the chapter of adventure
Was thine equally strong toe !
For one of the broken pieces
Cut adrift an arm-rack, sending
Cutlass point into it, which took
Many plasters to the mending.

The ‘Northumberland’ lost two seamen
Overboard—so runs the tale,
And the ‘Hercules’ was crippled
Up aloft in this fierce gale :
She had sprung her fore-topmast head,
Split hertrysails fore and aft,
Sprung her main gaff ; and, in short, she
Look’d a miserable craft.

Carried away spanker gaff and
Stay, and wash’d away like chaff
Stern hawse plugs, and hand-lead platform,
Not to come to grief by half.

And they say besides, to make her
 Situation still more queer
And unchancy, she had got her
 Rudder lock'd, and wouldn't steer.

Then 'twas that the ' Flying Dutchman,'
 With each stitch of canvas set,
Came down upon ' Flying Childers,'
 Who receiv'd him in a pet ;
And besides, us'd such strong language
 That he scar'd the phantom sailor,
Who mistook him for ' rude Boreas,'
 Whilom styl'd 'the blust'ring railer.'

In the meantime where's th' ' Inconstant ?'
 She at least is not in sight ;
Is she wreck'd or run for harbour ?
 Has she founder'd in the night ?
Spread o'er eighteen miles off Ushant,
 Cruising for her, rolls the Fleet ;
But no tidings of her safety
 To the last the look-outs greet.

And to mend the situation,
 There set in at five p.m.
A fog thick and dark as pease soup,
 That envelop'd all of them.
And they pitch'd and toss'd in darkness
 As the very worst they fear'd ;
Till with break of day it lifted,
 And the ' Helicon ' appear'd :

She that had been sent before them
To look out for far Cape Clear.
And th' ‘Inconstant’ also turn'd up—
That had fallen in the rear,
Being for a time disabled
In the storm they all had shar'd ;—
There she lies her course among them
With all damages repair'd !

Then a joy of large proportions,
In the place of Eheu ! Eheu !
Visited the heart of Childers,
And he signall'd—‘ Glad to see you ! ’
With his royal standard flying
To Cork harbour came he then ;
And Corkagian gratulations
Were his welcome home again !

And they likend him (‘the Haythens’)
In a sudden loyal burst,
‘ To the great Phaynician Captain
That discover'd ‘ Oireland ’ first.
For themselves they ask'd a trifle—
A new dock or two so neat,
And that Cork might be the station
For the whole united Fleet.’

But said he—‘ Avast there, messmates,
I can't promise on like this ;
Lest, though I be High, one Higher,
Mr. Gladstone, tak't amiss !

There's a virtue, high discretion,
 That men's modesty replaces,—
 Mayor of Cork, I think I miss it
 In the schedule of your graces !'

So he bowed the great Corkagian
 Deputation to the door,
 And pass'd forward to his captains
 The grim word—'Admit no more !'
 Then their spouses caught the sailors
 Fondly to their gracious arms,
 And 'tis said, no more will Childers
 Tempt the rabid sea's alarms !

L'ENVOI.

Gentles all, this is the story
 Of our Childers bold and free ;
 This the record of his progress,
 And his faithful log at sea !
 Don't believe in all reporters !
 They're forsooth a reckless tribe,
 Muzzing, buzzing, prying, lying,
 Given to gloze, and apt to jibe.

But for this historic notice
 See the 'Letters in the Times'
 From our Hero's own reporter ;—
 I've but done them into rhymes.
 I, the least of all the poets
 That so ruthlessly bestride
 Pegasus, like Martin Tupper,
 And to death or glory ride.

The Great Pigeon Difficulty.

'MORNING POST,' JULY 21, 1871.

WHAT a perilous store of heart-burnings arise,
 O'er the mode in which pigeons may slip into pies !
 The 'Times' (being idle and cross) has objected
 'That these volatiles fall in way unexpected.'
 Instead of their necks being wrung—which is fair,
 They die game, as at Tyburn, and die in the air.
 While a hard-hitting gun and an ounce and a quarter,
 Does the work of old Calcraft, and hallows the slaughter.

Now this thing is likely (so argue these sages,)
 To bring judgments on England for several ages ;
 And breed up our women in habits as savage
 As a 'Petrolist Mob' on a 'Communist' ravage ;
 With many things more that can hardly be printed,
 But are by metonymy cleverly hinted.
 Unsexed by this pastime the daintiest lass
 Will turn out a mixture of chignon and brass.
 From the gem of the Court, to the pert bouquetière,
 Not a woman amongst 'em will pity or spare !
 The lot, high and low, will be—such as we're told
 Were the daughters of Danaus,—bloody and bold,
 Or Madam Medea, who boiled her own pets,
 To punish 'Sir Jason,' their sire's, amourettes.

And all, because pigeons design'd for the pot,
Instead of their necks being twisted—are shot !

Oh shade of ‘the Tartuffe’ look down on this age !
Freaks are now in full swing that look false on the stage.
See ‘Pecksniff’ belabour the ‘Ladies of Pain ;’
And hint what he dare not pretend to explain.
See ‘Stiggins’ with heck-upping accents arise !
And in pine-apple rum drink ‘reform to our pies.’
Such oily professors as these are, alone
Can give to the movement its true canting tone.
The same that bursts forth in a drop-scene of light
In the Sunday performance of Mr. ‘Bee Wright !’
With whose gracious doings few tales can compare,
But the chant of Sir Hudibras, Ralf, and the Bear.
How runs their indictment ? ‘for pastime and pleasure,
And the killing of time, and the wasting of treasure,
And the fost’ring of fancies much best let alone,—
And the showing off ladies in hair not their own,—
And the wearing of gowns at which sober folks stare ;—
The youth of the day doth in clusters repair
To a club—got up—(this in mine ear Stiggins howls,)
For the peril of women, and torture of fowls.’
The one is the stalking-horse,—t’other’s the game !
And he leaves you to judge—both are killed by one aim !

Then how smartly the ‘Travesty’s’ put on the stage !
No expenses are spar’d to promote godly rage.
The traps are all set,—they are five on a row !
The sides are told off,—and folks feel in a glow !

The Ladies look on, as Rome's matrons stood by,
With the heart of a wolf, and a connoisseur's eye.
The first shot is fir'd, and we're asked to suppose
That these games are at least as degrading as those.
Now the takers of odds, with infernal composure,
Keep an eye on the pales that surround the enclosure ;
With a round of fierce yells greet each hair-breadth escape ;
Like a Communist Chief when a volley of grape
Has partially failed in a battue of priests :—
Or an 'ami de l'ordre' at one of Thiers' feasts :—
Not 'love-feasts' forsooth—in the Park of St. Cloud ;
Where they shoot down their brethren for something to do.
But, to most of our minds, (unassisted by writing,)
The subject is trifling, the facts uninviting.
Since to plain comprehensions without 'high falutin,'
The matter is just what it was—pigeon shooting !

Ye shades of the mighty whose doings are still
The boast of the sportsman on every hill !
What would ye have said in the blast of your rage,
Had your lot but been cast in this pitiful age
To be told by some 'milk-sop' whose speech is as green
As his liver is white and distemper'd his spleen,
That the practice by which ye arriv'd at renown
Is a scandal to London's immaculate Town !—
Is at least such a satire on man and his doings,
As has not appear'd since old Rome fell in ruins.

'George Anson' and 'Kennedy !' names of the past,
And thou too, 'Old Squire,' not the least though the last,
Osbaldeston the stout ! ye were taken in time,
Ere your favourite pastimes were reckon'd a crime.

'Twas you that discarded the flint, and instead,
Provided our sportsmen with guns that kill dead !
For on no other terms shall the gallant 'Blue Rock'
Succumb, in good style, to the lead's rapid shock ;
When out of the trap on the sudden he springs,
And flies like a cricket-ball furnish'd with wings.

Then toll for the days we were proud of, the knell !
And let sport be abolished ; and light hearts as well.
For plenary powers to each 'Stiggins' belong,
Of denouncing whatever he don't love, as wrong ;
And Charity's death is gloz'd o'er with sour faces,
As in Scotland they cover large sins with small graces.
It pleases our censors that sportsmen should writhe
Beneath the foul blow of their blundering scythe ;
Thus 'Lowe' from our taxes the ludicrous snatches,
And like a Dutch Pirate torments us with 'matches.'
Thus paltry Domitian kill'd flies when a boy ;
And thus godly professors their orgies enjoy.
Then let each man dispose of his virtue and pelf,
In annoying his friend, and degrading himself.

If it had not been for 'pigeon shooting' we should at this time, in my opinion, be possess'd of no 'armes de précision.'

A Growl from the Brunnens of Nassau.

1873.

You have heard of the foot-prints where Attila trod ;
 (The truculent pest call'd himself 'Scourge of God.')
 How the grass never grew where his charger had neigh'd,
 And 'the Graces' retreated, though women, dismay'd.

There are fools, and a many, that think this a myth ;
 But the legends of old are not lacking in pith !
 And the blood that now flows in the veins of this earth
 Is the very same mixture that well'd at its birth.

Talk of progress, enlightenment, reason, and right !
 The only true Master's the strong arm of Might !
 And whether it crop up in ruins and flame,
 Or Police regulations,—'tis one and the same !

Before him the land's like the Garden of Eden !
 Behind him like Babylon, Carthage, or Sedan !
 So with equal results I decline to determine
 Against the old Hun, on behalf of the German.

Novum Iter ad Brundusium.

IN a steamer Italian
I started from Malta,
And I fancy that Nation has
plenty to alter.
The boat was a cockle-shell
cramm'd to the neck,—
And those who weren't sick
spit all over the deck.

When the streaks of Aurora
proclaim'd a new day,
In 'Syracuse' harbour at
anchor we lay ;
To the North in his majesty
Etna arose,
His foot dark with vineyards,
his head white with snows ;
And around us expanded
a harbour as grand
As man e'er deserted,
or Providence plann'd.
Few and 'far-between' ruins
Now puzzle the tyro,

In the woe-begone site
 of the City of Hiero ;
And who shall decide
 by the lie of the ground,
Where Athens and 'Nicias'
 Were caught in the pound,
Or realise even in fancy
 the Town
Archimedes defended, and
 Rome batter'd down ?

Towards Etna we saunter'd—
 (these boats don't move fast—)
Till Catania's long façade
 receiv'd us at last.
The town is a fine one, but
 shambling and rough,
With a mole built of lava,
 black lumps, and such stuff ;
And lowering above it hangs
 Etna, to show
That smirking, or smould'ring,
 there stands the foe.
Messina's round basin
 looms friendly at eve,
Where the deep land-lock'd waves
 Etna's shoulder receive.
It looks like the work of the
 giants Titanic,
But in truth is the freak
 of eruptions volcanic.

Of Charybdis and Scylla
we traverse the bounds ;
(A Dame who, they say,
kept the first pack of hounds.)
Right and left on the mountains
the stranger admires
The deep-furrow'd channels
of long-burnt-out fires ;
And remembers—these Ladies
e'en now, but for steam,
Might haply mean more
than a poet's wild dream.

Past Stromboli's crater we move
very slow,
With never a ripple
to ruffle our prow ;
But long ere the 'rocks
of the Sirens' were near'd,
On the crest of the morning
a strange haze appear'd,
And no one a-board could
say what it might mean ;—
Till high o'er the cliffs of
'Amalfi' was seen
A pillar of cloud many
thousand feet high ;
White as cotton bales
pil'd in a turquoise blue sky ;
'Twas Vesuvius, in such an
eruption at last

As none had beheld
for these thousand years past.

Like an ogre it stood,—gloating
over the sea,
And the gardens, and cities,—
though why it should be
'Palmieri' was left
at a loss to divine,
For the 'seismograph' halted
and utter'd no sign.

As we landed at Naples
strange rumours were rife ;
'Half the towns on the mountain
had run for their life ;
And a party of English
(three hundred in number),
Had been swallow'd up,—
lunch-baskets, guide-books, and lumber.
(Remember in cases of brag,
as a rule,
'Tis an Englishman's sure
to be playing the fool.)

'Palmieri.' 'Professor Palmieri,' who has taken Vesuvius under his care, remained during the whole of this frightful eruption at his post. The Professor is the inventor of the 'Seismograph,' an instrument to register volcanic disturbances, but upon this occasion it gave no sign.

'A party of English?' This story happily turned out to be a hoax, but it was fully believed for several hours.

Then the Ladies propos'd
in procession to walk,
And have with 'Gennaro' some
serious talk ;
Whose 'watch' they declar'd
had been grossly neglected,
Or such ruin as this had
not come unexpected,
But at length, the Police,
(when permitted to speak,)
Said—'they'd best put it off
till the end of next week !'
While these things were doing
at Naples, the flight
On the mountain went on
in despair, left, and right.
The King sought the spot,
the Fleet got under weigh,
To succour the crowd on
that terrible day ;
And the roads were patroll'd,
and the thieves 'got the sack,'—
And our 'own correspondents'
were stopp'd and turn'd back.

'*Serious talk.*' The serious expostulations of the Ladies were by no means the worst of the ill usage poor 'San Gennaro' was subjected to ; the insults heaped upon him by the men were numberless and unmentionable.

'*Thieves got the sack.*' There was much robbing and pillaging of the deserted and burning houses.

"Twas then, as I gaz'd
 from the parapet wall,
Where 'Castel del Uovo' stands
 taper and tall,—
In spite of the shocks
 and the 'Hell' in my sight,
And the red panorama
 that flam'd on the night,—
And the din—ten times worse
 than an army of Tartars,
Or a legion of beasts
 disappointed of martyrs,—
I could not help thinking
 with some touch of scorn,
They'd do it indifferent well
 at 'Cremorne.'

As a tribute to 'Hades' I
 chose to remain
Three days longer—but ne'er
 saw Vesuvius again ;
For the wind veer'd round East,
 and with hail-storms and crashes,
And earthquakes, and stenches,
 Rain'd dust, filth, and ashes.
What I witness'd, some folks
 would give 'thousands' to see,
But no more eruptions,
 Good people, for me !
In them you may burn,
 you may stifle or sink,

Be brain'd by a stone
 or kill'd off by a stink,
 Pass your nights in asphyxia,
 rumbling and hissing,
 But of this be sure—Naples
 will one day be missing.

To Rome I came next, where
 according to rumour
 I found the poor Pope
 in a scandalous humour.
 Once a-week, if not more,
 'tis his habit to curse
 The 'Re Galantuomo,'
 who seems none the worse ;
 But our own Foreign Office,
 who sure might know better,
 At every fresh out-break
 expects a fresh letter ;
 Till poor 'Sir Augustus'
 is on his beam-ends,
 And hardly knows
 What explanations he sends.

I presented myself
 at the Pope's 'wicket-door,'
 To see his 'Museum,' untax'd,
 as before,

'Poor Sir Augustus.' The Foreign Office, in Mr. Gladstone's ministry, was continually pestering Sir Augustus Paget to send them a reason for every fresh outbreak of the Pope's temper.

When the last of the Gregories
flourish'd—Good Prince !
In the days of my youth,
six-and-thirty years since.
Two 'lire' were ask'd for
the entrée—to that I can
Swear, I declin'd,—and
did not see the Vatican !
Though I presently promis'd
the Swiss at the door,
If the Pope were in misery,
'Twenty' or more.

I found Rome, as usual,
the pest-house of fever ;
Why don't Italy's King
and his Parliament leave her ?
In the streets of fair Florence
they'll certainly find
A much nobler city,
and more to their mind.
For pray, can it sweeten
Rome's filthy condition
That the World has been conquer'd
from such a position ?
In spite of her valour, her
glory, and guilt,

'Did not see the Vatican.' It was literally true that I did not see the Vatican, because I was not provided with a ticket to be obtained at some office in town, price two 'lire,' or twenty pence.

She's the worse planted city
that ever was built!
Impested at all times,
at many, she's drown'd,
And in no other spot
can such duffers be found.

By tunnels and gorges
where mountain streams rush,
(No wilder were limn'd
by Salvator's own brush,)
I reach the broad sweep
of Clitumnus's plain,
And look for its glory—
‘the white steer,’ in vain.
Then threading Val d'Arno
past Fiesole's towers,
I compass fair Florence's
gardens, and bowers.
The city of Dante,
the Medici's mart,
The parent of much
that is greatest in art,
The birth-place of Michel,
where still they can show
His greatest creation,
the ‘son of Pietro.’

‘*The son of Pietro.*’ Lorenzo. His daughter and heiress was the mother of the three worst kings that ever sat upon the throne of France.

There he leans on his elbow,
 while solemnly meet
'Night and Morning' embodied
 in stone at his feet.
Gaze, stranger, in silence!—
 disturb not his mood!
He might rise from his seat
 and belabour the rude.

Through a plain, by the freaks
 of Eridanus vext,
But the pick of all lands,
 To Turin I come next.
By his course trimm'd with boulders,
 and scor'd on the face
Of the suffering lands,
 where his torrents men trace,
You might think him a 'moraine'
 flung down from the scalps
Of the grand Coliseum
 that looms in the Alps.
'Twas thence that by courage
 and conduct combin'd,
And that chiefest of blessings
 a true loyal mind,
Stout Victor Emanuel sallied
 to be
'The King of the Commons'
 of all Italy.

Through ‘Bardonneche tunnel’
 we struggle and wind ;
 A feat that leaves Hannibal
 hugely behind,
 And ere twenty-two minutes
 are past, ascertain
 That the Alps are no obstacle
 now to a train.
 Then Paris receives us,
 still mourning her fate,
 Treated worse by her sons
 than her foemen of late.
 How gaunt frown these ruins
 of Glories deceas’d !
 Like the skeleton Knight
 at ‘Fair Imogene’s’ feast.
 On equality, brotherhood,
 Liberty, gaze !
 And know—‘All this was lost
 by the trick of a phrase.’

From Paris to London,
 where everyone meets

‘*Bardonneche.*’ This is the true name of that which they call the Simplon tunnel.

‘*The trick of a phrase.*’ Mr. Gambetta’s unfortunate platitude—‘*Pas une pierre de nos forteresses, pas une pouce de notre territoire,*’—was singularly ill chosen. It cost France two thirds of her ransom, and two thirds of the territory ceded to the Germans, and it made room for the Communists.

In its square miles of houses
and thousands of streets ;
The stir was intense,
 for 'the Derby' was on ;
The clerk and his master
 to Epsom are gone ;
Where I presently saw
 the 'Blue Riband' adorn
The popular breast of the
 Lord of 'Cremorne.'

'Cremorne.' A bay colt by Parmesan, out of Rigolboche, bred and owned by Henry Saville of Rufford Abbey, Notts, won the Derby of 1872. He was a very good horse.

The 'Clyde.'

Tune—' King John and the Abbot of Canterbury.'

WRITTEN AT MALTA, 1872.

WHO'S e'er been to 'Pantallaria' must know
 There are rocks there, and reefs near which no ship should go.
 It lies, nigh midway, 'twixt the Barbary shore
 And the coast of Sicilia—I shall not say more.

On this 'felon island' the 'Raby' did strike !
 On purpose, by accident, choose which you like !
 A mountain three thousand feet high she must take
 For a cloud—(some folks say just for foundering's sake).

In Malta's snug harbours a fair fleet did ride,
 Of England the strength and of England the pride ;
 Each 'first-rate' had cost, on a fair computation,
 Some three hundred thousand good pounds to the Nation.

'Pantallaria.' This island was used in the days of 'King Bomba' (Frederick, the last King but one of Naples) as a dépôt for political convicts. Out of false delicacy the coasts of it were never properly surveyed; so that the 'Admiralty Charts' were of little or no use to Captain Bythesea, V.C., a most distinguished officer, then in command of the 'Clyde.'

'The Raby did strike.' How this ship could, under any circumstances, run stem on to the 'Island of Pantallaria,' unless some one aboard of her found their account in so doing, was at the time, and ever will be, a mystery.

All the Devils afloat, with the Yankees to back 'em,
Might scratch head and tail ere they dar'd to attack 'em.
Yet from this noble fleet that in safety did ride,
To pick off the 'Raby' they started the 'Clyde.'

Less fit for the job,—(on this all men agree,)
Than each tug in the harbours of Malta was she !
When she came to the spot, by unknown currents taken
She was grounded, and pounded, and parlously shaken.

So, to make matters better, they d——d the expense,
And to get off the 'Clyde' got aground the 'Defence.'
On which precious samples of cunning and wit,
It seems a 'Court Martial' must presently sit !

'Started the Clyde.' 'Mr. Flying Childers' was at this time First Lord of the Admiralty ; and he very characteristically thought that neither himself nor any one selected by him to be the Admiral in command at Malta could do wrong. Others thought otherwise.

'Pounded' When the 'Clyde' was at last brought back to Malta, I, among the rest, inspected the damage done her. She was in a dry dock, lifted so high that the curious could walk under her keel. The whole bottom of the ship was ground into shreds, like whalebone. Had she been built by contract she would have sank to a certainty ; but fortunately, having been constructed of good materials, she stood the grounding and pounding without going to pieces. The fires of many houses in Malta were lit for a day or two with the shreds stripped from the bottom of the 'Clyde.'

'Got aground the 'Defence.'" Another ship, the 'Defence,' was nearly as much knocked about as the 'Clyde' ; but, I suppose, the authorities thought that there must be a point at which even 'Court Martials' should stop.

This unlucky expedition ended in Captain Bythesea, 'a most distinguish'd officer,' being remov'd from his command ; whereas, it was the Admiral in command at Malta who was to blame, and should have been dismissed.

When 'the Saddler,' in days ere our boyhoods begun,
Lost 'the Leger' he certainly ought to have won,
'Tommy Nicolson' rode him—and he in despair,
Lay crying a-bed, and tearing his hair.

But his Master (who scorn'd an old servant to blame)
On an errand of mercy to 'Nicolson' came;
And—'Tommy, cheer up ! cheer up, Tommy !' he said ;
'It was not 'thee fault,' man ! so jump out of bed.

'Twas the fault of the fool—(let 'em say what they like,)
That put thee upon him !—and not thine, 'poor Tyke !'
On him be the blame ! as on him is the loss !
But he knew thou wast honest, and ne'er rode 'a cross !'

Now this little history bids us perceive,—
That though, in most cases, 'tis servants that grieve ;
Strict justice admonishes judges to ask,
What fault's in the master who sets them the task ?

A Lai of Provence.

MAY 4, 1874.

IN search of the blessings
 of sunshine and health,
 With the splendid addition
 of possible wealth,
 I left the dark country
 where Spring sets in ice,
 For the ‘coteaux’ of Provence
 and gardens of ‘Nice.’
 I see some lips curl
 at this license—just so !
 But perhaps I’ve forgotten
 much more than they know.

 Take a ‘monkey !’ not that
 in which Darwin can trace
 The truculent nose
 of man’s dominant race,
 But a ‘monkey’ at Tattersall’s
 honour’d and known,
 For which five hundred pounds
 on demand can be shown,
 And leave far behind you,
 to ‘Dizzy’ and ‘Will,’
 The care of our politics,
 jogging on still.

Be off without giving
 the date of your flight !
 Let nobody bother,
 and very few write !
 For though taxes be doubled,
 and rents in arrear,
 And the ‘wise men of Gotham’
 see plenty to fear
 In a parcel of questions that
 never arise,—
 You’ll be happy, nay more,
 for a fool, you’ll be wise !

With the confidence bred
 by his Banker’s sound chink,
 A critic may cavil,—at
 least he can think.
 And if ever occasion
 for thinking arose,
 ’Tis between our French friends
 and their still German foes.
 For as I dropp’d down
 from Marseilles, by the train,
 They show’d me the pen
 of their scape-goat, ‘Bazaine.’

‘*Bazaine.*’ He was imprisoned in the ‘Isle St. Marguerite,’ in the fortress which for so many years was the prison of the Man in the iron mask. He escaped not long after these verses were written. Probably he was not worth keeping ; but for all that, he was made a ‘scape-goat.’

And why, oh ye landlords
of pleasure, oh why ?
In the name of the present
and future, said I,
Will the Nation that owns
of all pleasure the stream,
Which others less blest
but behold in a dream,
Forget every lesson
that history brings,
And the chapters of misery
due to her kings,
With vows of revenge
to disfigure her life,
And cloud every landscape
with threats of fresh strife ?
And sigh after Glory,
that fount of all trouble,
With her taxes, her debt,
and her armaments double ?
When with Europe assur'd
of the sunshine of peace,
'Twill be one street of villas
from Marseilles to Nice !

Oh, Réné the Troubadour !
fair was the lot
That cast thy bright kingdom
on this favour'd spot ;

'Réné the Troubadour.' If this gentleman did not live a very respectable life, at least it was a joyous one, and romantic.

Where the citron, and olive,
 and orange-tree twine
 An evergreen crown
 o'er the stock of the vine ;
 And the landscape has beauties
 that never grow stale,
 And the violet's breath
 sheds her soul o'er the vale.

Where high Dames, with
 mettlesome Kings by their side,
 Maintain'd the 'gai scavoir'
 in bombance and pride ;
 Or in 'Love's famous Courts'
 gave their final decrees
 That the proudest of champions
 obey'd on their knees ;
 Whence sprung up all arm'd
 knighthood's chivalrous dream,
 That instead of man's hand-maid
 made woman supreme.

A truce to these fancies !
 why didn't they last ?
 Though they dwell with the poet
 intact in the past,

'The *gai scavoir*.' The troubadours called themselves 'mainteneurs du *gai scavoir*', or 'de la joyeuse science.'

'Love's famous courts.' The Ladies presided without appeal in these courts, and occasionally gave some funny sentences.

And mellow for him
 many truculent times,
That Hist'ry, the pedant,
 describes by their crimes ;
For him, they still waken
 a smile and a tear,
Such as good men may drop
 O'er 'Cervantes's' bier.

But what means this palace
 where gold flows in rills ?
This paradise nich'd in
 a fold of the hills ?
Where the venturesome try
 the decisions of Fate,
Midst gardens and palm-trees
 where rocks frown'd so late ?
If you say 'Monte Carlo,'
 the virtuous frown,
And declare--'tis a scandal
 that should be put down.

What a splendid emporium
 of hazardous bliss !
Armida's fair gardens
 were nothing to this !
Nor Capua neither--
 the pleasant and wrong,—
Where Hannibal's army
 Stayed dawdling too long,

And yet there be some
 would consign to the gallows
 The man advertis'd for by
 Sardanapallus.

But oh ! you good people,
 so proper and wise,
 That still dip your fingers
 in other folks' pies,
 Beware what you do !
 shall the palm-tree bear fruit,
 When the runlet of water's
 cut off from her root ?
 Shall towns flourish
 apart from their founders' design ?
 If you lack an example,
 go visit the Rhine !

 For the splendours of 'Homburg'
 for ever are set,
 And the raven and owl
 in 'Wiesbaden' are met.
 And 'Aix-la-Chapelle'
 is as musty and old
 As when 'Charlemagne' bade her
 arise from the wold ;
 And the glories of Baden
 are gone to decay ;
 For music don't draw us
 the length of high-play.

'The man advertis'd for.' If Sardanapallus had met with 'Mr. Blanc' no doubt he would have found a new sensation.

And what has been gain'd,
 after all, by the State?
Have we seen any change
 for the better of late?
Has 'municipal modesty'
 flourish'd the more,
Or virtue increas'd
 in proportion to 'bore?'
Then take my advice,
 turn to things as they were!—
At least, at the tables,
 they always play fair!

But why do French Railway
 officials appear
Convinc'd, for the moment,
 that every one near
(Be his quality ne'er so exalted)
 is theirs,
To police at their pleasure
 like so many bears?
Or a 'chiourme' from Toulon
 of the Communist hive,
That gaolers in uniform
 hustle and drive?

And why, as a rule,
 will French 'garçons,' I pray,
At once contradict you
 whatever you say?

'Chiourme.' The cant name for a gang of galley-slaves.

'Tis a habit 'gainst which
 our old gossip, 'John Bull,'
 Is at all times and seasons
 remarkably full.
 They may call him a brute,
 but from what I can see,
 Until these mend their ways,
 so, he's likely to be.

Why too, in the name of
 good smokers, must those
 Who prefer to exhale
 genuine weeds through the nose,
 Be for ever condemn'd
 to buy rubbish whose smoke
 Would cause a 'lay-figure'
 to sputter and choke?
 Are there no docks in London,
 nor 'brands' in Havannah,
 That folks must be
 'regie'd' in this cruel manner?

Moreover all, 'cochers,'
 that heart-breaking clique,
 Drive, like Jehu, down hill
 by the foul 'mécanique.'
 A plaything that serves them
 for breeching and reins,
 And many times brings them
 to grief for their pains.

I'm as brave as my neighbours,
 but nerves cannot stand
A coachman that drives
 without head-piece or hand.

Enough of their faults !—
 Yet it must be allow'd
The Nation's industrious,
 gallant, and proud ;
And the veriest churl
 in the World, will admit
Its language is charming,
 and so is its wit.
Then here let the wise
 of all Nations retreat,
Who wish to find pleasure
 or learn to cook meat.

But while there be time
 stay your hands, Messieurs ! stay !
And instead of an Emperor
 coated in grey,
(A type of aggression
 and warlike renown,)
On the base of the column
 the 'Commune' threw down,
Place 'Adolphe the First'
 on an ambling mule,
Or, 'murally crown'd,'
 in a 'sella curule.'

'Murally crown'd.' The Romans gave a mural crown to the general who took a fortified city. M. Thiers was singularly lucky in this respect, for he first fortified Paris, and then took it.

'Twas he that 'biseauted'
 the 'Fasti of France,'
 Daub'd Hist'ry with glosses
 and facts with romance ;
 Invented more tactics
 than 'Jomini' knew,
 And bade 'Eagles' scream
 where the 'Cock' never crew,
 Till of 'Consul' and 'Emperor'
 over-be-prais'd,
 A 'Brummagem' God
 for the Frenchman he rais'd !

But, joking apart,
 though I laugh, I can give
 As good an opinion
 as most men who live !
 And like 'Prophets of old,'
 from the throne of their rags,
 Can tell this proud World
 how imbecile it wags ;
 Though nothing that
 poet or prophet can say,
 Will stave off a fool
 from his freaks for a day !

What signifies now
 which 'dead tribe' built 'Stone Henge?'
 What profits a Nation
 to threaten revenge ?

'Biseautea.' Packed and marked the cards.

A word in the ear of
French Statesmen I'll drop !
'Twill save of disasters
an evergreen crop !
And advance the quotation
of all 'Three per Cents !'—
'Don't make History !
Follow and flatter events !'

The Gipsey of Monte Carlo.

MAY 11, 1874.

HE had been there a week!—he had gone to the bad!
He had steadily lost all the cash that he had.
His gait was uncertain—his colour was green,—
And two lamps in the place of his eye-balls were seen:
And they pointed him out to the ‘secret police’
As ‘a party’ whose finish could hardly be peace!

She came where he sat in the cloud of his woe;
The wealth of her eyes was as black as the sloe,
And the swell of her bosom her kerchief displac’d,
And the Zinganee maiden was jimp in the waist.
He cross’d her brown palm with a dollar, though late,
And bade her discover the secrets of Fate.

Like a ‘Pythoness’ musing in rapture, she stood!
Or a Druidess Queen in a glade of the wood;
Or ‘Miss Jeannette of Arc,’ when, in spite of the times,
She promis’d ‘King Charles’ she would crown him at Rheims.
From her lips that disclos’d twenty pearls at a glance,
Came the words—‘Try Sixteen!’ as from ‘medium’ in trance.

He knew what she meant, and he enter’d the hall
Where for one that stands steady so many men fall.

A hundred gold ‘Louis’ were hugg’d to his breast ;
He’d pawn’d all he had, and he’d borrow’d the rest.
For one fatal venture he’d made up his mind,
Hope glimmer’d in front, and despair growl’d behind.

He pick’d himself up, as a gentleman will
When things are arriv’d at the climax of ill.
On the Number in full he plac’d nine gold ‘Louis,’
‘A cheval’ upon two, eighteen,—thirty on three ;—
Thirty-five upon four,—and the rest upon six ;—
And he look’d like a ‘Communist’ passing the Styx.

A swing, and a roll, and a rattle, and flash,
A rush, and a bang, and a jump, and a dash ;
And the ‘Croupier’ declares in his thick German tones,
The word that must galvanise marrow and bones,
And cut to his heart like a murderer’s knife ;
For at this solemn moment it means—the man’s life.

‘Seize’ it is ! Prithee figure the change from despair,
To the sweet self-possession of Luck’s jaunty air,
Sans winking an eye-lash he gather’d the stuff,
And a friend at his back cried, Hold hard ! that’s enough !
And took him away ere a monkey could cough,
And to parents and friends, none the worse, pack’d him off.

And whether this lesson will act as a charm
And cure him for ever—or do him much harm,
Is a question on which my opinion’s divided,
And is like to continue for ever—two-sided.
And how much he gave to the fair ‘Zinganee,’
I’faith I can’t say ! for they never told me !

Wiesbaden.

BEGUN AT WIESBADEN, FINISH'D AT INTERLAKEN, SEPR. 14, 1875.

A FRAGMENT.

* * * *

AND, an old man was there
 Who had seen many things ;
 Had battled with Fortune
 And felt all her stings.
 In Politics, Letters, and Racing,
 Had dar'd
 The best of his day to the duel,
 And far'd
 On the whole not so badly,
 Though chequer'd his cup :—
 And might do it again
 Should occasion turn up.
 But every year brings him
 Nearer the close :
 And the curtain that dropp'd
 O'er his friends and his foes
 Is trembling for him
 On the brink of its fall ;
 And waits but the note
 Of the Manager's call.

So now, to resume the past season,
 We'll say,
We were warm and contented,
 And pleas'd, but not gay !
Loud sounds here the Prussian's
 Unmusical voice ;
But a light heart pulls through
 Though you leave it no choice.
'The tables,' those pleasant resorts,
 May be clos'd,
And the Ladies from Paris
 Be elsewhere dispos'd ;
And the rockets (a pound's worth)
 Ungraciously play
On luckless Sedan's
 Anniversary day ;
But no one feels more
 Than these Germans the chance
That shut up their 'tables,'
 And shut out fair France.

Yet 'Repnin,' who lov'd
 In the good times, high play,
Retires on small whist
 And ten 'pfennig' piquet ;
And 'Winchilsea' goes
 To what here are call'd Races,
But elsewhere would figure
 As equine disgraces :
Where the 'morgue' of the Prussian's
 Mechanical port

Makes up for the absence
 Of pleasure and sport :
And ‘gentlemen-riders,’
 Too clumsy by half,
In breeches, with buttons
 All over the calf,
And boots that in no other
 Country you’ll see,—
Grind their teeth to clear fences
 As high as your knee.
Besides, in the place
 Of that chivalrous strain
That awaits foreign sportsmen
 On Newmarket’s plain,
With ‘Rous’ in attendance,
 And ‘Stands’ at disposal,
You may fume for a week
 Ere you hear a proposal,
Which savours of aught
 But the freaks of a clown,
A guttural ‘Ja,’
 And the ‘new German frown.’

But a truce to these reasons
 For sporting displeasure,
Since for much I could say
 We have none of us leisure.
My seasons are minishing
 Fast to their close,
And the feet that could once
 Cope with chamois or roes,

Arc bound in the fetters
 Of creeping old age ;
And the brain, once so busy,
 Grows dull, if not sage.
A tale of old times,
 And a good easy chair,
Are the best of the pleasures
 Now left to my share.
A life thrown away,
 And the pangs of the gout,
Leave my present in pain
 And my future in doubt.
I, who once thought the World
 All too small for my heart,
To strike on each rock
 That was down on the Chart !

Lord Hatton.

A TALE OF CASTLE CORNET IN GUERNSEY.

FYTTE YE FIRST.

‘**K**IT HATTON ! Kit Hatton !
I rede ye, beware
Of the flash from the cloud
and the flight through the air !
When the star of thy destiny
looms in the sky,
To others unclouded,
but red to thine eye,
Though men see no signs
in the threat’ning air,—
Kit Hatton ! Kit Hatton !
I rede ye, beware !’

Thus spoke the ‘weird woman’
on ‘Rockinghamshire,’
As homeward benighted
thro’ moss and thro’ mire,

‘*Rockinghamshire.*’ The great plain of Rockingham Forest, seven hundred acres in extent. Lord Hatton, father of Christopher Hatton, the subject of this ballad, was Ranger of the Forest, and both father and son in succession were Governors of the Channel Islands.

On an errand concerning
 the King and the State,
 In the days of ‘old Noll,’
 the good youngster rode late.
 For the sun of the Cavaliers
 lately had set
 In a red pool of blood
 not aton’d for as yet.

Since neither had ‘Peters’
 improv’d his last text,
 Nor the ‘Angel of vengeance’
 ‘the Judges’ annexed,
 Nor ‘the Rump’ had been cook’d
 at renown’d Temple Bar,
 Nor the ‘watch-dogs of Judah’
 been scatter’d afar ;
 Nor ‘old Nolly Rednose’
 in lightning and thunder,

‘*Peters improv’d his last text.*’ Oliver’s chaplain and would-be son-in-law ; but he married him to the waiting-maid. This worthy was put on his trial at the Old Bailey, Oct^r. 10, 1660, a process which resulted in his ‘justification’ at Tyburn. It came out in evidence, from Sir Jeremy Whicheot, that Peters said at the King’s Trial, ‘I cannot but look upon this Court with great reverence, for it doth resemble in some measure the trials that shall be at the end of the world by the Saints.’ Also he preached on the 20th of Jan^{ry}. 1648, before Cromwell and Bradshaw, on the text, ‘Bind your kings in chains and your nobles with fetters of iron,’ and observed that the next Psalm had twelve hallelujahs to express their joy that ‘kings were bound in chains.’ He was a loose fish, but a witty rogue.

‘*Old Nolly Rednose.*’ The Cavaliers were never tired of turning

And a storm that shook England
throughout, had gone under.

'Aroint thee, false witch !'
then the Cavalier said ;
'By the soul of this kingdom
that lacketh a head,
The green of old Gretton
tomorrow shall see
How we deal in this forest
with prophets like thee !'

'Old Noll' and his red nose into ridicule. 'A New-year's gift to the Rump,' Jan^{ry}. 5, 1659-60, has in its third verse,—

'The right was then in Old Oliver's nose ;
And when the Devil of that did dispose,
It descended from thence to 'the Rump' in the close,
Which nobody can deny.'

And in 'the Citie's Welcome to Colonel Rich and Colonel Baxter' we have in the 7th verse,—

'Oliver, we thee prefer
To guide these boys unto us.
Thou art the King of our new State,
And worthy to undo us.
Thy nose and fiery face
Speak thee a babe of grace,
And most regenerate
As sack did e'er create.'

'Gretton.' A large and formerly very lawless parish of near five thousand acres, most of which lay in Rockingham Forest. I have supposed Christopher, afterwards 'Second Lord and First Viscount Hatton,' to be riding across Rockinghamshire, bound for his father's house of Kirby; a princely residence at that time, built from the designs of John Thorpe, in 1572, for Sir Christopher Hatton, Queen Elizabeth's Chancellor. It is, perhaps, the most remarkable of the five houses known to be built by that great architect.

For the stake and the fagot
of greenwood prepare !'
' Kit Hatton ! Kit Hatton !
I rede ye, beware !'

Next morning full early
they sought for the witch,
But found nothing forsooth
Save an old mastiff bitch,
With no tooth in her head
and no hair on her flank,
Lying dead in a ditch
among nettles so rank :
Yet mysterious and strange
to his soul as they were,
The words never left him—
' Kit Hatton, beware !'

With many a noble
the Roundheads had reckon'd,
When in came the days
of King Charlie the Second ;
A jolly good fellow,
who was not inclin'd
To pay off the debts
of his father in kind.
So to set off the mortgage
that swamp'd his broad lands,
He made Hatton chief
Of the ' Channel Islands.'

And there, many seasons,
 both early and late,
In good ‘Castle Cornet’
 he govern’d the State.
The French knew him well,
 and the Islanders too ;
'Twas little he reck'd
 of their ‘Cri de Haro.’
In armour he dwelt,
 not in cotton and flannel ;
And he kept a good guard
 o'er the ‘Chaps of the Channel.’

It chanc'd that one evening
 Lord Hatton was set
In friendly discourse with
 one Ensign Covett ;
For supper was over,
 and most were a-bed ;
And clear were the night
 and the stars over-head ;

‘*Castle Cornet.*’ This fortress was placed upon a rocky island defending the entrance to the port of St. Pierre, the principal town in Guernsey.

‘*Cri de Haro.*’ The Channel Islands belong to the Crown of England, as part of the Duchy of Normandy. The ‘*Cri de Haro*’ is a legacy of those days, and is still part of the law of the land. By raising this cry—Haro ! Haro ! on me fait tort!—it is competent to any suitor, in cases of real property, to put a summary stop (for the time being) to all proceedings in the law courts. It was employed, only the other day, to check the proceedings of a railway company.

But yet there loom'd one
 in the threat'ning air,
 That said to Lord Hatton,
 'I rede ye, beware !'

Then quoth the good Lord—
 'Pray to Heaven that we
 The dawn of tomorrow
 in safety may see !
 Full angry it looks !'
 But to all other eye
 Seem'd the moon never brighter
 nor clearer the sky.
 The bell tolls eleven—
 they separate all,
 And the Sentinel's tramp
 is alone on the wall.

FYTTE YE SECOND.

'Twas the dawn of the 'New Year,'
 with shake and with shock
 To its base Castle Cornet
 did shiver and rock.
 And down came the bastions,
 and down came the towers,
 The ramparts and houses
 and 'fair Ladies' bowers ;

'Dawn of the New Year.' The Castle was blown up within an hour of the commencement of the year 1673.

And ‘James Chapple’ the Negro
in terror awoke,
And thus to his mate
in the darkness he spoke :

‘I hear my Lord’s voice,
’tis for help that he calls,
Up yonder—somewhere
on our outermost walls.’
So at last he broke forth,
and in darkness and dread
Made his way to the voice,
and behold, in his bed
On the parapet’s edge
that o'er-hung the deep sea,
With the coverlid o'er him,
his master found he !

Then quoth good Lord Hatton,
aloft in the air ;
‘Seek my Lady and children,
and see how they fare !’
For apart from his lodgings
in child-bed she lay,
With none to bring help
on that terrible day.
From the womb of the cloud
came in light’ning the fire,
And the witch had told truth
upon Rockinghamshire.

Then 'James Chapple' the negro,
so proper and tall,
On his hands and his knees
brought his Lord off the wall,
Safe into the guard-room,
free from danger and harm :
For the garrison now
had got up in alarm,
And candles were lighted,
and next they prepare
To dig in the ruins—
they hardly knew where.

Then the Dowager Lady
was found in her bed ;
She lay there a corpse
with a stone on her head.
And in the next room,
when they broke the partition,
They found her two daughters
in dying condition :
But both were alive ;
for in bed as they were,
A beam fell betwixt 'em
and sever'd the pair.

So they carried them down
in great joy to their chief,
Where he sat in the guard-room
in silence and grief.

And guided by ‘Chapple’
again return’d they
To where the poor Lady
his Baroness lay.
Then the negro bethought him
he heard something greet,
Deep down in the ruins,
just under his feet.

And quoth he to the Captain :—
‘ Dig quickly, and see !
Perhaps ’tis my Lady,
for here she should be !’
So they work’d with a will,
and in feet barely two,
They struck on a beam
that had fallen askew ;
And beneath it a hollow,
where, strange to behold,
Lay asleep and uninjur’d
a child three years old !

‘Anne Hatton,’ the Governor’s daughter,
the same
That Nottingham’s Countess
hereafter became ;
And liv’d many years
in much honour and state,
And bore to her Lord
many sons, and died late.

So they carried her down to
her father with care,
As bewilder'd, he mus'd
on his flight through the air.

And again they return'd,
and they found in her bed
One more of the nurses,
but she was stone-dead.
Yet, dead as she was,
in her arms she held up
An infant at play
with a small silver cup.
And yet they search'd on,
and removing some more
Of the rubbish and boards
that encumber'd the floor,

Found asleep in her cradle
the lamb of the fold,
'Elizabeth Hatton,' a child
three weeks old ;
So they carried her down
to her father, and then
They dug deeper down
in the ruins again ;
And two or three women
alive took out they ;
But the rest were all dead
with their bones broke, they say

And at last, on her knees,
 with her wrapping gown on,
 They found the poor Lady,
 but she too was gone ;
 And by her, her maid,
 in a similar plight,
 For neither had scap'd
 on that perilous night.
 From the womb of the cloud
 came in lightning the fire ;
 And 'the witch' had told truth
 upon Rockinghamshire.

And a week after this,
 when the search was all done :
 Came the best in the island,
 full many a one,
 To condole with his Lordship
 and proffer relief,
 If so be that kind phrases
 might solace his grief;

'The poor Lady.' The Lady Cecilia Tufton, daughter of John Earl of Thanet and the Lady Anne Clifford (sole daughter and heiress of the Cliffords, Earls of Cumberland, and Baroness Clifford in her own right), was the first wife of Christopher Second Lord Hatton, who was created in 1682, by Charles the Second, Viscount Hatton of Gretton, in reward for his eminent services.

William, his son by his third wife Elizabeth, daughter and co-heir of Sir William Hazlewood of Maidwell, Northants, dying unmarried in 1762, the title became extinct, and the estates pass'd by devise to Edward Finch, sixth son of Anne Countess of Nottingham (the child who was sav'd by the beam falling across her cradle), who thereupon assum'd the name and arms of Hatton in addition to his own—Azure, three garbs or, between a chevron of the last ; and it was his grandson, 'George William,' who succeeded to the titles of Winchilsea and

And they ask'd him, ‘perchance,
if he knew how it far'd?’
Upon which in their hearing
‘Lord Hatton’ declar'd,—

‘That he ne'er clos'd his eyes
though he lay in his bed ;—
And at first, at a distance
and then overhead,
Came nearer the thunder,—
the wind growing high,
And the hail beating sharp
on the windows hard by ;
Then he felt underneath him
the bed to move first,
And immediately hearing
a marvellous burst,

Found himself in the air
and in perilous case,
For he knew that the lightning
had blown up the place ;

Nottingham upon the death of his cousin, George, the Ninth Earl; but not to the estates, which were willed away elsewhere.

John fifth Earl of Winchilsea dying Sept^r. 9, 1729, without issue, the title of Winchilsea devolv'd upon Daniel second Earl of Nottingham, son of the Chancellor. He had for his second wife ‘Anne,’ daughter of Christopher Viscount Hatton, the child of three years old who was dug out of the ruins of Castle Cornet, and by her, who liv'd till past eighty, ‘he had,’ says Collins, ‘five sons and eight daughters, besides ten other children who died young, and seven who were still-born; thirty in all, a fine family for a lady who had been buried alive for more than twelve hours, and a proof that she didn't take much harm by the accident.

Since of powder there lay
 'Neath the castle in store,
 Two hundred and fifty
 good barrels, or more.
 But, shock'd and bewilder'd,
 He was not aware
 That out of the house
 he'd been carried—or where ;'
 Till raising himself
 by the feverish light
 Of some very large flashes
 that fathom'd the night,
 On this side the yard
 of the castle found he,
 And yawning on t'other
 the depths of the sea.
 So he dar'd not to stir
 Lest perchance he should fall,
 On this side or that,
 from his place on the wall !
 And in guerdon of this,
 his most opportune deed,
 With twenty pounds yearly
 ‘James Chapple’ was fee’d.

‘Twenty pounds yearly.’ This is by no means the paltry sum it appears, but a very handsome pension. Beef and mutton cost at this time but a penny a-pound, as appears by Lord Hatton’s household books, and other things were cheap in proportion. Twenty pounds, therefore, represents some two hundred, or even two hundred and fifty pounds of monies of the present day. A handsome allowance, and probably more than James Chapple would get now.

And he liv'd long in Gretton
with little to do,
And depos'd to this statement
when past eighty-two ;
Laid by and forgotten
in days long since past,
Till the ' Heir of the Hattons '
revives it at last !

Now of good ' Castle Cornet '
I've told you the tale,
Of the witch, and the warning,
the thunder and hail ;
Of the flash from the cloud
and the flight through the air,
And the ' red star ' that bade
the Lord Hatton beware !
And I presently challenge
the scribes of this Nation
To furnish in fiction
a stranger narration!

There's a moral beside !
Had this beam fall'n flat,
Or Miss Anne not possess'd
one more life than a cat,
Then I that have fashion'd
this marvellous lay
Of the gallant Lord Hatton
had never seen day ;

And the Public had lost,
 what I hope 'twill not think
 A 'Whistler arrangement'
 in paper and ink.

I recollect to have seen the original deposition about the year 1825, but it has since been lost, stolen, or mislaid. Luckily a copy of it was taken by the Hon^{ble}. and Rev^d. Daniel Heneage Finch Hatton, Rector of Great and Little Weldon, in Northants, which came into my hands in the year 1872, long after I had given up all hope of recovering the original.

From this copy I take the text as its stands, verbatim et literatim.

'An account of the lightning that blew up the Castle of Guernsey in 16—, when the Right Hon^{ble}. Christopher Lord Hatton was Governor there, given by James Chapple of Gretton in the County of Northampton, a negro, who was at that time servant to the said Lord Hatton at Guernsey, and himself tooke the said Lord off the Castle wall, in cause whereof that Noble Lord left him an annuity of twenty pounds sterl^{ing} during his life.'

'Saith that he is about eighty-two years of age, and that in the year 16— (he was servant to the said Lord Hatton as he had been from Nov^r. 1663,) on the thirty-first of December he, the said Lord Hatton, went and sett with one 'Ensign Covett' (who is an officer at that time in garrison

'Ensign Covett.' Dicey, in his account of the catastrophe, calls this gentleman Ensign Covert, and mentions what the negro has omitted, viz. that he (Ensign C.) was kill'd in the blowing up of the Castle.

Dicey also states that the Castle was blown up on the 29th of December, 1672, or rather on the morning of the 30th (by his own showing), for he says it was past 12 o'clock at night; but he is no doubt wrong; for it is pretty clear by comparing the two accounts that Dicey's was substantially taken from the negro's, though with many inaccuracies. Dicey says—'Lord Hatton was taken off the wall by 'two black servants.' Now if this had been the case, why was only one pension'd?

As this deposition was taken down from Chapple's mouth fifty-four years after the event, when he was eighty two years old, it is not surprising that he should have forgotten the exact date, but in other respects his story is graphic and precise, and appears trustworthy.

Dicey had evidently heard of the negro's statement, but not seen the narrative, and his account is full of blunders. Amongst others—he says that 'Anne Countess of Nottingham' was one of the sisters of Lord Hatton that were rescued by the breaking down of the partition wall,' whereas there can be no doubt that she was the eldest daughter of Christopher Second Lord Hatton by his first wife the Lady Cecilia Tufton.

there and an acquaintance of his Lordship) till about eleven o'clock at night, when the said Lord Hatton returned to his own apartment in the Castle and this informant with him, and Mr. Covett looking up to the skye said to Lord Hatton, 'Pray observe that starr ;' and his Lordship looking earnestly at it said, 'It looks very angry ; I wish we have not some foul weather.' But to this informant's judgment he never saw a clearer skye ; and the moon was just setting, and when this informant had putt his said Lord into bed, he went to his own room and was in bed himself by twelve ; and by one in the morning, which was New-year's day, this informant was waked by another servant of the said Lord (who laid with this informant and had been in bed some time before him) and was by him told he did believe the house was falling, and then they both got up, and it being very darke they were some time before they could find the door ; but at last they gott out, and the first thing this informant then heard was his Lord's voice calling for help ; and being directed by the voice, this informant at last found he was on the Castle Wall, and was by his Lordship ordered to go and see for his wife and children, and bring him word how they did (for his Lady being at that time lying-in was lodged in a separate part of the house from his Lordship) ; but it being very darke as aforesaid, and having no shoes on, nor anything but his shirt, he informed his Lordship that he could not gett to that part of the house, nor indeed so much as back again to his own apartment, he having come through a window of the Gard-roome to come to the Castle Wall to his Lordship ; and then this informant borrowing a pair of shoes from the soldiers, with some difficulty gott on the Castle Wall, and crep't on his hands and knees to his Lordship, where he found him with the mattress and feather-bed under him, and the bed-clothes over him ; and then this informant turning himself back again, his Lordship got on his baek, and this informant crep't back in the same way he went there, and so brought his Lordship entirely off the wall, and carried him into the Gard-roome, in which time the garrison was all got upp, and candles were lighted ; and this informant borrowing some of the soldiers' clothes, went with them up and down the Castle to see for his Lordship's Lady, mother, and sisters, and then found that the Castle was blown up, and the dowager lady dead in her bed, with a great stone which then lay on her ; and in the next apartment they found his Lordship's two sisters both alive in bed, but almost suffocated with a beam of the house fallen in betwixt them ; and taking them out carried them to his Lordship in the Gard-roome, and returning again to the ruins, this informant heard something make a noise under his feet, and it being as this informant apprehended, just the place where, by the falling of the buildings, the Lady Hatton (who had just laid in) must be, he said to the Captain, 'I hear something under me ; so pray digg here and see if 'tis not my Lady ;' and on digging about a foot and a half struck on a beam, by the side of which being a little cavity, they opened it somewhat larger, and looking in, there saw under the beam (which did not rest flatt,) Miss Anne Hatton, his said Lordship's daughter, a child

three years old the October before (now Countess of Nottingham), and taking her out of the bed and carrying her down to her father, returned again to the ruins, and searching further in that cavity, found in another bed one of the nurses dead, with Miss Margaret Hatton, another of his Lordship's daughters, a child of about a year and a half old, in her arms, playing with a little silver cup in its hand ; and carrying that to his Lordship, and returning again to the same place, and removing a little more of the rubbish, and a few boards, found in a cradle Elizabeth Hatton, another daughter of his Lordship, a child of about three weeks old, and carried that to his Lordship.

'The day now coming on they dugg further in the ruins, and tooke out two or three women servants alive, one of which had a quantity of glass in her back, and the rest of them were found dead, with their bones broak ; and at last on digging, they found the Lady Hatton, who was on her knees with a wrapping gown on, and her woman with her in the same posture, but they were both dead. The Castle was at this time entirely blown up, or at least what was not entirely blown up was shattered : which was occasioned, as this informant has several times heard the said Lord Hatton declare, by lightning setting fire to two hundred and fifty barrels of gunpowder, which was at that time in the store-roome under the Castle ; and particularly, about a week after the accident, some gentlemen of the Island being come to condole with his Lordship on this his great misfortune, and asking his Lordship whether he knew anything how it began ? His Lordship declared (this informant being then present),—

'That he did not sleep from the time he went to bed till the Castle was blown up ; and that soon after he was in bed, he heard it thunder, as at a distance, and that it still came nearer and nearer, the wind growing high, and some hale beat against the windows pretty hard, and at last he felt the bed whereon he lay move, and immediately a prodigious burst, and at the same time found himself in the open air, by which he apprehended that the lightning had taken hold of the gun-powder, and that that had blown up the house, but only thought that he had fallen with it ; but some very large flashes of lightning immediately following, he did, on raising himself up by the light thereof, perceive the sea on one side of him, and part of the Castle Wall on the other, and therefore kept calling out for help till this informant spoke to him.

'Taken from Mr. Chapple's own mouth, twentieth of March, seventeen hundred and twenty-seven, by me,

'JOSHUA LANKART.'

THE END.

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JUMBO.

But time drew on, and years we find
In elephants develop mind;
I wish so much could oft be said
Of many a statesman's wooden head!
At last, by dint of hay and buns,
Eleven feet high, and weight six tons,
For several seasons thou hast been
The gentlest monster ever seen,

And years have seen thee growing yet !
The people's pride, the children's pet,
Till Showman Barnum took his stand,
A thousand pounds in either hand,
And, careless of thy feelings true,
Tempted the magnates of the Zoo.

England, high-hearted now no more.
England, not steadfast as of yore !
Parent and victim of Free Trade !
Of every rough-rider the jade !
Of late so many degradations,
Prepared by folk's in highest stations,
Have beat upon thy massive front,
Which once bore every battle's brunt,
That I suppose thou wilt give way,
Nor say to thy poor stranger, stay

Good Jumbo !
But since in England's fallen state
She owns two things supremely great,
Jumbo and Gladstone—(each we find
The most prodigious of their kind)
And one won't budge—Then Barnum make
A fair exchange for quiet's sake !
Take the Right Honourable and go !
He'll make the better raree show !
Leave Jumbo.

WINCHILSEA

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